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RICH AND VARIED THIS MERRY MONTH

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference. .

by GORDON JEFFERY

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

May 2: Netherlands 1, Brazil 0
.. 5: W. Germany 1, Brazil 2
.. 5: Sweden 2, Hungary 1
.. 5: Rumania 3, E. Germany 2
.. 8: England 1, Brazil 1
.. 8: Scotland 4, Austria 1 (Abandoned after 83 minutes)
.. 12: Italy 3, Brazil 0
.. 15: Norway 2, Poland 5
.. 16: U.A.R. 0, Brazil 1
.. 19: Israel 0, Brazil 5
.. 19: Hungary 6 Denmark 0
.. 25: Sweden 1, Russia 0
.. 29: Czechoslovakia 2, England 4
.. 30: Spain 1, N. Ireland 1 (European Nations Cup)

RICH and varied fare for the merry month of May in International football — rich enough and varied enough for me to be able to leave over the early June matches, already played as I write this feature, that in a sparser month I would have been glad to include to make up the number!

These early June matches — England's narrow, hard-fought and marginally-merited, win over the East Germans in Leipzig, and Scotland's narrow, ill-fought and deservedly-punished, defeat by the Norwegians in Bergen, in particular — do however serve to give me some additional hindsight to look back at two of the May matches — those in which Rumania also beat the East Germans by a narrow score (3-2), and Poland gained an emphatic five goals to two victory over the Norwegians in Oslo.

Viewed in isolation the match between the East Germans and Rumanians in Bucharest — one that, somewhat surprisingly in view of the 100,000 who watched their country's European Nations Cup win over Spain in the second leg last November (they lost, of course, on aggregate), attracted only 35,000 spectators — can be dismissed as no more than the sixth of a series of encounters between two minor Warsaw Pact countries. Before the match indeed Rumania had won twice, East Germany three times, and each country had scored ten goals. All emphasising their equality, and Rumania's recent win merely makes the state of the two parties —Rumania won three, East Germany won three, Rumania thirteen goals, East Germany twelve goals. (And that extra Rumanian goal was a last minute one!)

Yet perhaps East Germany's aggregate victory over the Czechs in the Nations Cup needs to be reassessed. Their home win back in November was taken to be just one of those odd results that make football the fascinating, unpredictable game that it is. Here were the Czechs, not only the runners-up to Brazil in the 1962 World Cup, but the six-nil victors over Austria in Vienna and, less satisfactorily, two-one victors over Poland. They were, we argued, perhaps a little jaded, a little over-played, when they came to Berlin late last November.

But then, in the second leg played in Prague, they could still only draw with the visiting East Germans. Again the achievement of the East Germans can be played down by reference to the recent overall form of the Czechs that does read very poorly, with the draw with East Germany being followed by defeats in Vienna by the Austrians, and in Sofia by the Bulgarians—and now again, within the period under our present review, by England in

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

is a "disturbance centre" in subconsciousness generating negative impulses causing self-consciousness, lack of confidence, nervousness, worry, weak will, unsociability, lack of enterprise, stammering, blushing, forgetfulness, "nerves," sleeplessness, etc. To fight these forces directly is in vain—ERADICATE THEM FOR EVER by reconstructing within yourself a powerful, positive subconscious mind, as revealed in remarkable FREE book which has transformed the lives of thousands. Write today. All correspondence is confidential.

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Bratislava. (There is a difference between the former two defeats and the latter in that the Czechs were experimenting more with their team in the first two.)

There remains one important consideration that weighs the balance more in favour of an East German advance than in any considerable Czech decline—that the match against East Germany was one that the Czechs badly wanted to win. It was, unlike the Vienna and the Sofia "testing" trips, the *real* thing in the Nations Cup in which the Czechs had reached third place in the earlier competition.

I would not swing to the other extreme and suggest that the East Germans are potential world-beaters but I am sure that their present fairly settled side is much the best they have had and one capable of surprising most countries. Indeed we, who keep pretty constantly at the back of our minds the fact that three years from now England will be staging the World Cup competition, must soon be feeling a little anxious about the NATO ban on East German visitors to NATO countries. It was only, or largely, a friendly attitude displayed by the East German football authorities that prevented the recent European International Youth Tournament from being something of a fiasco. The East Germans qualified for the final stages of the tournament by beating the young Czechs but were then refused visas for their young sportsmen to come to England.

There was a time when this embargo might well have been the cue for the rest of the Warsaw Pact countries, the Soviet Union, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria, to withdraw. As it was, the East Germans technically withdrew from the competition and the Czechs were invited to take their place. One cannot, however, imagine that the East Germans, or anybody, would be so accommodating if they qualified for the final stages of the World Cup competition and if England, for political reasons, were unable to admit all qualifying countries to the final tournament, then one imagines F.I.F.A. would have to hastily invite another, less committed, nation to stage the finals. It may never happen — hopeful words from the past! — but one hopes that the Football Association in England are joining other sporting bodies in Europe in campaigning against this petty restriction.

In the actual match against Rumania it was the East Germans who went into a two-goal lead through Peter Ducke, after fourteen minutes' play, and Noldner after twenty-three minutes' play. The second half, however, belonged to the Rumanians with Pavlovic after four minutes narrowing the margin and the East German defence holding out until six minutes from the end when Haidu equalised. Then in the final minute of the game Piraclab, one of the Dynamo Bucharest stars in Rumania's line-up, snatched the winner.

Defence

Another early June score has just reached me—Rumania have drawn with Poland in Chorzow; and I am back again with the part-hindsight conjectures I mentioned at the beginning of this piece. Back to Poland's five-two win in Oslo, and to Scotland's four-three defeat in Bergen—both against the Norwegians. Strike a line between England's experience against the Czechs and East Germany; between Rumania's match results against East Germany and Poland; and Norway's against Poland and Scotland — and it adds up to a definite improvement in the standard of both East Germany and Rumania, and —particularly after their two disappointing matches against Northern Ireland — perhaps of Poland.

Past Poland-Norway meetings had, like those between Rumania and East Germany, been pretty evenly contested. They first met each other in 1926 in Fredrikstad when Poland won 4-3, and played twice more before the war with the match record of three played, one victory each and one match drawn, and eight goals scored by each country. Since the war they have played another three matches, and again these have resulted in a single win for both Norway and Poland with the third match drawn, and again the same number of goals have been scored by each country.

Poland's team was a useful-looking blend of experienced and young players. Lucian Brychczy with forty-four appearances to his credit was much the most experienced of them — and Szczepanski the oldest (although still only just thirty himself). These two players, Oslizlo, Gornik's centre-half, and the young outside-left, Eugeniusz Faber,

● *Continued on page 38*

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World Soccer

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JACK ROLLIN

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This month's front cover . . .

Sparta Rotterdam and Basle provide the action with the former in striped shirts, during Toto Cup match two years ago. This competition is again in full swing on the Continent. (O.)

what to look for in next month's edition

In the August edition of WORLD SOCCER the latest happenings on the soccer front will be brought to your attention by our team of contributors including Gordon Jeffery, Eric Batty, Roger Macdonald, Tom Muldowney, Leslie Page and Colin McAlpin among others. A special feature on the impact of England during the next few years following their Continental tour will also be found in this edition. Remember there is no close season for WORLD SOCCER, so order your copy now.

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AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

GREEKS HAVE A WORD

GREECE
Professionalism official

AFTER paying players illegally for several seasons, the Greek Olympic Committee have advocated the introduction of professionalism, and after talks with the F.A. the new basis has been agreed. Five year contracts, and a maximum of eighteen professionals per club is the new rule for Divisions I and II, with a top limit of £75 per month for top class players, and £50 per month for Division II players, but there will also be a new ruling that all players must have a job outside the game.

Panathinaikos now appear to have thrown off the challenge from Olympiakos and after beating AEK have a comparatively easy run to the title for the second season running. Greek football, generally the most violent, and in some respects the most spectacular in Europe, still retains its unruly element and after yet another incident Angelopoulos (Pirae) has been suspended for six months after attacking a referee!

EGYPT
No Pelé — no crowd

WHEN the Brazilians arrived for their match in Cairo without Pelé and Zito the F.A. attempted to force the tourists to accept a cut rate for their appearance. 30,000 U.S. dollars was too much for an ordinary team, they said. The Brazilians, offered a second match in Israel, were unimpressed, and threatened to catch the first plane out before the Egyptians backed down. In a last desperate bid to save part of the fee they offered 30,000 dollars if Brazil won, 20,000 if Egypt won. Still Brazil refused, and in any case won 1-0, but the attendance was only just enough to cover expenses. The public knew Pelé was not playing three days before, and refused to pay top prices!

More trouble in the Egyptian League, this time during the Zamalek visit to the Canal Zone. Leading 1-0, the Zamalek 'keeper was carried off with a back injury, leaving the players arguing and later fighting. The crowd joined in, hurling more than 1,000 bottles on to the pitch, and twenty-eight people were detained in hospital seriously injured. 150 more were arrested, after police reinforcements arrived.

The match will be replayed!

BELGIUM
Standard boss to stay?

ANDERLECHT, once confident leaders, have slipped up badly since the bad weather spoilt their long successful run, and though beating Standard in Liege 1-0, they are still outsiders for the championship. Standard, four points clear of the field, are now considering retaining Gusti Jordan, their temporary boss . . . if they win the title. Otherwise it will be either Zlatko Cajkowski (1st FC Koln) or Albert Batteux, recently sacked by Reims.

Referees have been told by an F.A. circular, to give more penalties next season. Unusual, but figures show penalties are almost unknown, and defenders commit fouls inside the box knowing the referee will give indirect kicks or free kicks outside the area. The Referees' Association are indignant, but have yet to reply officially.

FC Liege captain, Victor Wegria, has been demoted, after staging a one-man strike. Told that his friend Crote, an international back, had been dropped, Wegria refused to play. Liegoise then dropped Wegria, brought back Crote, and appointed a new captain. Significantly, Belgian players are known neither as amateur or professional but as "independents".

ITALY
Milan changes

EUROPEAN Cup holders AC Milan have several vacancies for next season, the most important being the club Presidency and on the field at centre-forward. Presidente Andrea Rizzoli, Milanese newspaper millionaire, is to resign after pouring millions of lire into the club coffers. His work is done, he says. Milano are champions of Europe. Altafini is more pointed. "Five years with one club is enough." He'd like to go back to Brazil.

Inter, meanwhile, have made a £560,000 offer to Santos for Pelé, which no one in official quarters regards as anything but a publicity stunt. Typical Herrera stuff — designed to counter the publicity being given to Milan at the time following their Benfica win at Wembley.

Italian players everywhere are relieved following an appeal lodged with the court in Bari by Juventus half-back, Sandrino Salvadore. Playing in Bari a year ago, he tackled an opponent (fairly) and was later sued for loss of pay because the player was injured. Under Italian law this was approved, and the court upheld the claim. Salvadore's appeal now means that hundreds of other cases introduced in the last year will now be dropped. It would have been ridiculous anyway, and probably couldn't happen anywhere but in Italy.

SPAIN
Simonsson to go

AGNE Simonsson is definitely rejoining his old Swedish club Orgryte F.C. in Gothenburg. An overnight sensation during the 1958 World Cup, Simonsson joined Real a year later, but has never settled down. Last season he was on loan to Real Sociedad, and Real have wasted around £150,000 on his transfer and salary. Evaristo, too, is going back home again, after only eight months. His likely destination is Flamengo (Rio).

The picture on the left will be of particular interest to our readers who have been watching English soccer at club and international level for a good many years. It shows Nat Lofthouse (E), Billy Wright and Tom Finney playing in a match between former Dutch and English internationals. (P.A.I.)

Alberto J. Armando has made another of his frequent star hunting trips to Spain and this time he was successful. After failing to sign Kubala, Puskas, Kopa in turn, he has captured Uruguayan international Alcides Silveira (from Barcelona). Said Silveira: "Spanish football is too fast for me. I'll be happier with Boca Juniors." CFB made a nice profit — buying for £35,000 and selling Silveira to Boca for £75,000 after one season.

PORTUGAL

Boss moving?

FERNANDO Riera, boss of Benfica, is definitely returning to Chile, and there is now some doubt about whether he will be available to lead the Rest of the World XI against England in October. There would have been trouble anyway, for the team he wanted included five men not on the list drawn up by the selectors. His likely destination is Universitario de Chile.

Jose Torres, Benfica's lanky centre-forward, is still the target of the critics who would like to see Aguas return to lead the Benfica attack, but despite his unpopularity he has set up two records this season. For one player to be the highest scorer in the First Division and also be top scorer in the reserve league is incredible — but Torres did it — scoring thirty-five goals in the League, and in only seven reserve outings snatching twenty goals!

HOLLAND

Feijenoord close gap

OUT of the Coppa Europa following their semi-final defeat against Benfica, Feijenoord are now closing the gap between themselves and the leaders in a bid for a place in next season's series. Three points behind Sparta and PSV they have five matches left, and are favourites! Feijenoord trainer, Austrian-born Franz Fuchs, is being widely tipped as Milan's new trainer ... unless Feijenoord up their salary offer.

Attendances generally are still poor in Holland, save at the 64,000 capacity Feijenoord stadion. The average gate for one recent First Division programme was 11,000, but the previous day 13,000 turned out at the Hague to watch the stars of yesteryear play an "old international" against Belgium. Faas Wilkes, Bram Appel and Abe Lenstra were the attractions, the three Dutch inside-forwards — but Belgium drew 3-3.

FRANCE

Double achieved

AS Monaco are undoubtedly the team of the year, winning the championship by three points. Three days after clinching their league bid, Monaco walked off with the double — beating Lyon 2-0 in a Cup Final replay. The first match was a first-class flop, with Lyon packing nine men into defence and playing through 120 minutes of negative football. This, said their trainer, was their only chance of winning!

After one of their most disappointing seasons on record Stade de Reims finally finished second, ahead of Sedan. The club has still to appoint a successor to Albert Batteux, sacked some months ago, though rumour has it the new boss will be two men, Raymond Kopa and Robert Jonquet, ex-Reims centre-half and now boss of Racing Strasbourg. Batteux meanwhile has received plenty of offers from abroad — Sporting (Lisbon), Standard Liege, and Servette the former Swiss champions who are losing Jean Snella in July, but only one French club has made him an offer — unfashionable Grenoble.

IRELAND

Goalscoring record

ON the subject of goalscoring Joe Meldrum, Distillery's centre-forward who topped the list with fifty-two goals, has broken a four-year record. Not since the days of Jackie Milburn's stay at Windsor Park has a player passed the fifty mark. In the season of 1958-59 Milburn netted fifty-six goals. Meldrum might even have drawn level but for six missed penalties — well sonny, you can't win 'em all.

WALES

Another Bangor

FOR the second season in succession a non-League club will represent Wales in a European Cup competition. Borough United have followed in Bangor's footsteps by winning the Welsh Cup. Now they await their opponents in the European Cup Winners' Cup.

In the Welsh Cup Final they defeated Fourth Division club Newport County 2-1 and drew the second leg 0-0.

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INTERNATIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE

From ERIC CHARLESON

EARLY results from the First Section games in the American Soccer League put three clubs: Mantova (Italy), Kilmarnock (Scotland) and Oro (Mexico) all level on points at the top of the league.

Results: Kilmarnock 3 West Ham 3; Mantova 1 Valenciennes 2 Valenciennes 1 Oro 2; Kilmarnock 3 Oro 3; Recife 2 Preussen Munster 4; Recife 3 Oro 3; Kilmarnock 5 Preussen Munster 2; West Ham 2 Mantova 4; Mantova 4 Oro 1.

Valenciennes replaced the Greek side P.A.O.K.

Attendance at the first game was 14,632 but on the second day it had dropped to 4,526 for another double-header which included the Wolves–All Stars exhibition match.

First serious trouble flared up in the Mantova–Oro game and the match itself was held up for five minutes or so while officials tried to clear the pitch of invading fans who joined in a couple of fights started by the players.

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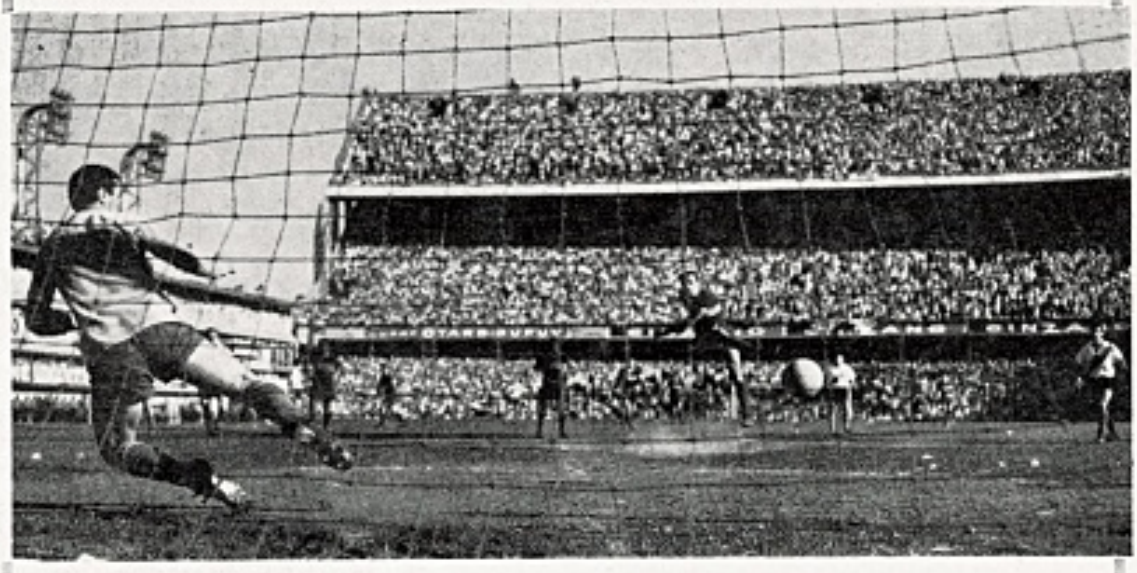

River Plate goalkeeper Carrizo is sent in the wrong direction as Boca's Valentim calmly shoots home from the penalty spot. This was the only goal of the game. (Keystone 1.)

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

● From last month

May 5

Sweden (1) 2 (Mild, Brodd)
Hungary (0) 1 (Albert)

Sweden: Nyholm; Bergmark, Wing; Gustafsson, Johansson, Mild; Oeberg, Berndtsson, Brodd, Backman, Persson.
Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Matrai, Sarosi; Solymosi, Meszoly, Sipos; Sandor, Gorocs, Albert, Tichy (Monostrori), Fenyvesi.

May 5

West Germany (1) 1 (Werner pen.)
Brazil (0) 2 (Coutinho, Pele)

West Germany: Fahrian; Nowak, Schnellinger; Shulz, Wilden, Werner; Heiss, Schutz, Seeler, Konietska (Strehl), Doerfel.
Brazil: Gilmar; Lima, Rildo; Zito, Eduardo, Dias; Dorval, Mengalvio, Coutinho, Pele, Pepe.

May 8

England (0) 1 (Douglas)
Brazil (1) 1 (Pepe)

England: Banks; Armfield, Wilson; Milne, Norman, Moore; Douglas, Greaves, Smith, Eastham, Charlton.
Brazil: Gilmar; Lima, Rildo; Zequinha, Eduardo, Dias; Dorval, Mengalvio, Coutinho, Amarildo (Ney), Pepe.

May 8

Scotland (3) 4 (Wilson 2, Law 2)
Austria (0) 1 (Linhart)

Scotland: Brown; Hamilton, Holt; Mackay, Ure, Baxter; Henderson, Gibson, Millar, Law, Wilson.
Austria: Fraydl; Kolarik, Hasenkopf; Gager, Glechner, Koller; Linhart, Hof, Nemec, Fiala, Rafreider.

May 12

Italy (2) 3 (Sormani, Mazzola pen., Bulgarelli)
Brazil (0) 0

Italy: Vieri; Maldini, Facchetti; Trapattoni, Salvadore, Guarnesi; Bulgarelli, Mazzola, Sormani (Corso), Rivera, Menichelli.
Brazil: Gilmar; Lima, Rildo; Zito, Eduardo, Dias; Dorval (Coutinho), Mengalvio, Coutinho (Ney), Pele (Quarentinha), Pepe.

May 17

U.A.R. (0) 0
Brazil (0) 1 (Quarentinha)

U.A.R.: Rouby; Tarek, Abouriguela; Samir, Raafat, Charbini; Riad (Sayes), Moursi (Imam), Badani, Chazli, Hassan.
Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Eduardo, Dias, Rildo; Zequinha, Gerson; Marcos, Quarentinha, Amarildo (Ney), Zagalo.

May 25

Sweden (1) 1 (Martinsson)
Russia (0) 0

Sweden: Nyholm; Bergmark, Wing; Mild, Johansson, Gustavsson, Berndtsson, Brodd, Martinsson, Oeberg, Persson.
Russia: Yachin; Kesarev, Ryabov; Tsarev, Kroutikov, Netto; Chislenko, Korolenkov, Ponedelnik, Ivanov, Meskhi.

May 29

Czechoslovakia (0) 2 (Scherer, Kadabra)
England (2) 4 (Greaves 2, Smith, Charlton)

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust (Bubernik); Stibranyi, Scherer, Kadabra, Kvasniak, Masek.
England: Banks; Shellito, Wilson; Milne, Norman, Moore; Paine, Greaves, Smith, Eastham, Charlton.

May 30

Spain (0) 1 (Rivilla)
Northern Ireland (0) 1 (Irvine W.)

Spain: Vicente; Rivilla, Reija; Paquito, Echevarria, Pachin; Amancio, F. Ruiz, Morollon, Adelardo, Collar.
Northern Ireland: Irvine (R.); Magill, Elder; Harvey, Neill, McCullough; Bingham, Crossan, Irvine (W.), Humphries, Braithwaite.

May 31

Amateur Tournament Final

Scotland (1) 5 (Boardman 3, Mitchell, Liebich o.g.)
West Germany (2) 2 (Kreh, Neuser)

Scotland: Murdoch; Pollatschek, Neil; Cromar, Dougan, Grant; Cormack, Boardman, Buchanan, Lorimer, Mitchell.
West Germany: Meier; Liebich, Krauss; Birkhold, Zott, Kummann; Neuser, Honig, Zettelmeier, Kreh, Leydecker.

● More next month

SECTION TWO MATCHES, RANDALLS ISLAND

Thursday, July 4:
2.15 p.m. Halsingborg (Sweden) v. Dinamo (Yugoslavia).
4.00 p.m. Valladolid (Spain) v. Wiener S.C. (Austria).
Sunday, July 7:
2.15 p.m. I.S.L. Youth Team Preliminary Game.
4.00 p.m. Gornik (Poland) v. Belenenses (Portugal).
Wednesday, July 10:
7.30 p.m. Halsingborg (Sweden) v. Wiener S.C. (Austria).
9.15 p.m. Belenenses (Portugal) v. Ujpest (Hungary).
Sunday, July 14:
2.15 p.m. Dinamo (Yugoslavia) v. Belenenses (Portugal).
4.00 p.m. Wiener S.C. (Austria) v. Ujpest (Hungary).
Wednesday, July 17:
7.30 p.m. Dinamo (Yugoslavia) v. Wiener S.C. (Austria).
9.15 p.m. Valladolid (Spain) v. Ujpest (Hungary).
Sunday, July 21:
2.15 p.m. Ujpest (Hungary) v. Halsingborg (Sweden).
4.00 p.m. Valladolid (Spain) v. Belenenses (Portugal).
Wednesday, July 24:
7.30 p.m. Halsingborg (Sweden) v. Valladolid (Spain).
9.15 p.m. Ujpest (Hungary) v. Dinamo (Yugoslavia).
Sunday, July 28:
2.15 p.m. Belenenses (Portugal) v. Halsingborg (Sweden).
4.00 p.m. Gornik (Poland) v. Dinamo (Yugoslavia).

Section Two Matches Outside of New York

Wednesday, July 3:
Chicago, Soldier's Field: 8 p.m., Ujpest (Hungary) v. Gornik (Poland).
Wednesday, July 10:
Chicago, Soldier's Field: 8 p.m., Dinamo (Yugoslavia) v. Valladolid (Spain).
Sunday, July 14:
Chicopee, Mass, Szot Park: 3 p.m., Valladolid (Spain) v. Gornik (Poland).
Wednesday, July 17:
Chicago, Soldier's Field: 8 p.m., Halsingborg (Sweden) v. Gornik (Poland).
Sunday, July 21:
Detroit, University Stadium: 7.30 p.m., Wiener S.C. (Australia) v. Gornik (Poland).
Wednesday, July 24:
Chicago, Soldier's Field: 8 p.m., Wiener S.C. (Austria) v. Belenenses (Portugal).

1963 I.S.L. CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS (Two Games, Total Goals)

Wednesday, July 31:
Randalls Island: 8.30 p.m., Section One Winner v. Section Two Winner.
Sunday, August 4:
Randalls Island: 4 p.m., Section One Winner v. Section Two Winner.

AMERICAN CHALLENGE CUP PLAYOFFS (Two Games, Total Goals)

Wednesday, August 7:
Chicago, Soldier's Field: 8 p.m., 1963 I.S.L. Champion v. Dukla (Czechoslovakia).
Sunday, August 11:
Randalls Island: 4 p.m., 1963 I.S.L. Champion v. Dukla (Czechoslovakia).
(Note: All playoff games at Randalls Island will be preceded by preliminary games, featuring I.S.L. Youth Team, beginning at 2.15 p.m.)

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BACKING YOUR HUNCH UP

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

AND so it is over for another season. On the whole the past few months have not been outstanding for the Irish League. At the time of writing Linfield have one game in hand and lead the race for the title by one point but have to play Distillery and I fancy this game should be a lot more exciting than the dull Irish Cup which, somehow, the Blues managed to win 2-1.

Trying to look into the future, even by a few weeks, was never my strong point but I fancy the Windsor Park club should make certain of the Gibson Cup (for the League Championship) with two points. I could be wrong for at the start of this season and all the way through I was backing Distillery to win the Cup and the League. True they were unlucky not to take the Cup but their form has been, as usual, so up-and-down and uncertain that I am now not so sure they can take the League.

Back to that season as a whole. I was wondering just what was wrong with football in Ulster the other day. I have been writing, and reading, that the football in the Irish League is dead, dull, boring and a great drag. The gates have been falling, the standard can't fall any further and things are, in short, bad. Taking all this for granted (if one can do such a thing) the next, and most obvious, question must surely be why are things so bad?

Why indeed. I do not presume to know the answers, by the way the officials have been letting things slide (and make no mistake about it they have been doing just that) they don't know the answers themselves.

Answers

Taking most of the complaints one by one and examining them closely some interesting points come to light. Certainly I am the first to admit that plenty of people have their own answers and opinions and might think mine so far off the mark to verge on the stupid — but nevertheless I propose to take a look at some of my own views and see if they tally with your own.

That the gates are going down, and down, and down cannot be denied. I have been round all the grounds in the League this season and some of the small crowds would have made a junior club weep in the past. One ground — no names — had the great gate of seventy-six for a senior game before Christmas. True unemployment is hitting soccer hard in Ulster. We are not having the same sort of thing that happened in England in the "Hungry Twenties" when men had their local team as their only visible protest at the cruel world that was keeping them out of jobs. No Huddersfields in Ulster, more's the pity.

Money is hard to find in many homes and the 2s. saved from not going to Seaview or Grosvenor Park is always 2s. towards a new pair of shoes for the children or a new pair of socks. People have, let's be frank, better things to do with their money.

But we cannot just lay the blame at the feet of unemployment and let it rest. Well then, there is always that dreaded bogey television. It was discovered, not I may add for the first time, that when the box was not offering much in the way of Saturday afternoon television entertainment the gates began to mount up slowly. So television has a lot to do with falling gates and I'm the first to agree — to a certain extent. But again let us not blame television and leave it at that.

Prompter

The standard at the average Irish League game is a downright disgrace. The standard is almost on a par to nothing. Sloggers, thumpers and "hopers-for-the-best" abound in Ulster football. All good lads, buy you a pint as soon as run off with your wife, but cloggers, thumpers and so on all the same.

The answer, if it was as simple as this, is to train footballers to be better. That is not so silly as it sounds. I always thought there were two kinds of players, born and manufactured. The former the salt of the earth, the latter the most frequently encountered.

Better training, better training facilities and better attitudes to the game in general would go a long way to helping the gates come up. I watched a certain County Antrim Shield semi-final at Solitude at the beginning of May between a certain seaside team and one from Belfast. The certain seaside team was leading 2-1 and a certain player-manager, described laughingly as a "general, prompter and schemer", had decided to let his team play on themselves. This from a player-manager was a disgrace but it is not unique, it happens too often in the League. No fight, no will to provide good entertainment. I get my £6 so blow the fans. . . .

And, of course, that old thorn of the League being too small. I agree, I want to see a bigger League, I know it would work on the lines I have already suggested in so many other WORLD SOCCERS and I only wish the officials would do something about it. I could weep when I see the same set-up at the start of every season, the same twelve teams, the same organisation and the same falling gates. Thin air will not fill empty grounds.

Surely football is not to be doomed to a slow death by slow-witted, short-sighted officials. We have been the birthplace of some of the greatest players in the game, but we will not be able to say that in a few years' time if officials don't sit up and take a long, hard look at the structure of the League.

One move on the right lines has been made recently at the International Liaison Committee in Venice. Officials proposed further matches with Continental Leagues on a much wider scale. The games against the Italian League recently created quite a stir in Italy but not as much in Ulster. Could it be that others want Irish football more than we do ourselves?

"We must progress," commented Coler-

● Continued on page 32

Well, whose fault was that? John Napier (grounded) and two Irish colleagues reflect after the former had headed into his own net in the England v. Northern Ireland Youth Tournament Final. (Waterman 1.)

OF DI STEFANO IT WAS ONCE SAID: "IS THIS MAN A GOD?"

MEN & MARKSMANSHIP IN THE EUROPEAN CUP

Research by Roger Macdonald

THE remarkable feat of Milan's centre-forward, Altafini, in reaching the top ten places of European Cup goalscorers at his first attempt, throws the spotlight on the men whose marksmanship has meant so much to the leading clubs in Europe.

Where would Manchester United have been without Viollet and Taylor; Red Star without Kostic; and Real Madrid without Puskas and Di Stefano, who have amassed the incredible total of sixty-six goals in eight seasons? Who, indeed, could have replaced Alfredo Di Stefano, scorer of forty-four goals in forty-eight games?

The supremacy of Di Stefano's marksmanship is unquestionable, and yet it began quietly enough, with five goals in the seven games played by Real Madrid in the first competition of all. Not even *L'Equipe*'s all-embracing publicity saw any real significance in his scoring efforts against Servette in October, 1959, or his goal which gave Real a formidable 4-0 lead in the first leg of their tie with Partizan Belgrade.

Instead their attention was drawn to the remarkable effort of a Yugoslav international, Milos Milutinovic, now playing in France, to keep his club in the competition. Scorer of five goals in the previous round, at the expense of Sporting Lisbon, Milos did not put a foot right in Madrid, and he regarded the return leg as a personal vendetta. It was "devlish" cold in Belgrade on January 29, 1956, and the young devil with blond hair ran the Real defence ragged to score two goals, hit a post twice, and see a shot which had beaten Alonso stick fast in the soft snow only inches from the goal-line.

Real Madrid lost 3-0, and so won 4-3 on aggregate, but they could never forget this nightmare match at Belgrade. Di Stefano went on to excite TV viewers with a scintillating display in the Final at Paris; but the man of the moment was undoubtedly Milos Milutinovic, who almost put paid to an era before it had properly begun.

Partizan did not qualify for the 1956-57 competition, and the main challenge to Real came from the pre-Munich Manchester United. In truth, it was the so-called Busby Babes — their maturity deserved a better compliment — who stole the show. They scored the most goals, twenty-three, three more than Real Madrid; achieved the biggest single-leg victory of the competition, 10-0 over Anderlecht; and took the first two places in the goalscoring list through Dennis Viollet and Tommy Taylor.

It was a fitting duet. Although Viollet, with nine goals in six games, scored one more than Taylor, he would be the first to admit that the England centre-forward was the deadlier marksman. The two worked well in unison, creating chances for one another, Viollet's acute sense of positioning blending remarkably with Taylor's finishing power. Di Stefano only scored seven times this season, and although it was his goal at Maine Road which finally sunk Manchester United's hopes, one was left with the nagging suspicion that Real and their goalscoring king were climbing over the hill.

Perhaps so. Slush on a Munich runway made sure that the answer to this question would remain in the realms of hypothesis. Manchester's main striking force vanished overnight. Taylor was killed, Viollet injured. Although the latter recovered quickly enough to play in the Cup Final, the mental scar healed slowly. Viollet moved on to Stoke City, where memories have a magic of their own.

The Manchester United pair scored four times apiece in the three rounds before Munich. Di Stefano informed his critics that if he was over the hill, he was going to walk down very slowly — and scored four tremendous goals in one match, against Seville, to prove it. A hat-trick against Vasa followed, just for emphasis. Real won these matches 8-0 and 4-0. They went on to beat another ageing eleven, A.C. Milan, 3-2 in the Final. Only Di Stefano's superhuman efforts kept them in the game for the first hour. One Italian reporter wrote: "He played Milan on his own and drew. Is this man a god?"

Recovered

Ten goals came from Di Stefano that season, scored in seven matches. Another player ran him close by scoring nine in six. He was Bora Kostic, of Red Star Belgrade, famous opponents of several British teams. A lot is heard these days about the Brazilian banana-swerve. Kostic's free-kicks made Pepé's thunderbolts look like penny fireworks — much noise to little effect. Perhaps he could not kick the ball harder; but it always did strange things en route. When he took one against Manchester United in Belgrade, I swear the ball swerved both ways before beating Gregg.

At the end of the 1957-58 season Di Stefano had scored twenty-two goals, Kostic fourteen. A year later the Madrid ace possessed twice the Yugoslav's total — but he had nevertheless lost the seasonal skirmish to Just Fontaine of Reims. One must admit that, like Altafini, Fontaine scored most of his goals at the expense of small fry — including four on-the-trot at Belfast against Newton Ards. But it would take a bold man to quibble about the reputation of a footballer who had staggered everyone in scoring thirteen goals in the World Cup just a few months previously.

Fontaine scored ten goals in seven European Cup matches. Only Di Stefano could split a trio from the other Madrid team, Atletico, who took second, third and fifth places in the charts. Vava, the great Vava, on a two-year contract worth £15,000, scored eight goals; his team-mates, Peiro and Collar, added another six and five respec-

Milan A.C. European Cup Winners 1963. Back row left to right: Maldini (captain), Benitez, Rivera, Altafini, Mora, Pivatelli. Front: Ghezzi, Trebbi, David, Trapattoni, Sani. (Central.)

Benfica-Feyenoord second leg semi-final in Lisbon. And victory for Benfica (white shirts) 3-1. (Planet.)

tively. Small wonder Atletico produced the best attack, scoring twenty-five times. Real only managed sixteen, of which Di Stefano scored six. The last came at Saragossa in a play-off with Atletico, and it proved decisive. Upon reflection this was probably the most vital goal of Di Stefano's career — it put Real into the European Cup Final, their fourth successive victory, and back into the competition for a fifth attempt at the title. This time they found a new scoring machine to supplement Di Stefano — a tubby fellow called Puskas.

Ferenc — or Francisco, as the Spaniards prefer it — Puskas will always be known as the man who came back to the top. Stanley Matthews has done incredibly well to keep going at Stoke: Puskas, to my mind, did even better to return to a new world altogether, among great players, and to shine as brightly as any of them. Emil Osterreicher took a big gamble in giving Puskas a contract: it paid off to the tune of twelve goals, at the time (1959-60), the outright record for a season. Di Stefano followed him home with another eight. Together they put on a fabulous display of football in the Final at Hampden Park and tore the Eintracht defence into shreds. Puskas got four goals, Di Stefano three. The British public had never seen goalscoring like this before. Neither, for that matter, had Eintracht.

The Real stars contributed twenty goals in 1959-60: in 1960-61 they contributed precisely . . . nil. Barcelona secured their long-awaited revenge in the second round, and Benfica sneaked home to win the Final in a desperately close finish. Aguas, the calm, consistent Portuguese centre-forward, did more than anyone else to get them there. He scored at regular intervals throughout the competition — home and away against Hearts, Aarhus and Rapid Vienna; at home against Ujpest, and the vital first goal in the Final at Berne. His greatest game and his most vital goal were to come almost a year later — in front of a Tottenham crowd whose roar would have frightened away the Mongul hordes under Ghengis Khan.

Benfica, for all Spurs could do, reached the second of three successive Finals. Their opponents were the old gang from Madrid, a little shaky on the legs, but not to be dismissed lightly. The one blot on their progress to the Final had been a shock 1-0 home defeat to Juventus (Sivori scored) — the first on record. Benfica kept up the one delusion that has to end sooner or later — that the Holders always win the Final — despite a fantastic display by Puskas. To the naturalised Spaniard went the glory of scoring a second hat-trick in a Final tie: to Benfica went the Cup. This pattern continued in the goalscoring list. Seven goals apiece for Puskas, Di Stefano and Tejada: six and four to Augusto and Aguas respectively that looked better with a medal.

Equalled

Real Madrid's total of thirty goals in 1961-62 has, of course, been bettered by Milan this year, and the general trend is an upward one. Milan shared the lead in the first season with Real (nineteen goals); took it from Manchester United two years later during the Schiaffino-Liedholm-Grillo era; and lost it to Real Madrid (thirty-one goals) after yet another two competitions. Real's 1959-60 total, one more than that of 1961-62, remained the best until A.C. Milan equalled it with a 5-1 win over Dundee in the first leg of the Semi-Final.

Own goals have had no significant effect on the totals of the top-scoring sides. Nevertheless there is a great difference of opinion over the crediting of scores, and the number of such goals recorded varies between twenty-three and twenty-eight. A case in point is the Drumcondra-Nuremburg match (1961-62), in which one has a choice between crediting Herr Strehl with a hat-trick or Messrs. Prole and Smyth with an own goal apiece. There have been a few additions this season, but exact figures were not available at the time of writing; they may, of course, become so before this appears in print.

Neither Di Stefano nor Puskas have figured, needless to say, in this aspect of European Cup goalscoring — although Puskas once put through his own goal in an international match from centre-forward! However, both appear in the list of successful penalty-kickers. Di Stefano scored one in 1956-57 and 1957-58, while Puskas — whose method of sending the 'keeper the wrong way proved more successful — did the necessary in 1959-60. Mateos is the only Real

● Continued on page 15

TOP SCORERS IN EUROPE

	55-56	56-57	57-58	58-59	59-60	60-61	61-62	62-63	Total
Di Stefano (Real Madrid)	5	7	10	6	8	–	7	1	44
Puskas (Honved, Real Madrid)	–	–	–	2	12	–	7	–	22
Aguas (Benfica)	–	–	–	–	–	10	5	1	16
Kostic (Red Star)	–	5	9	–	1	1	–	–	16
Altafini (Milan)	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	14	14
Rial (Real Madrid)	5	2	4	2	1	–	–	–	14
Viollet (Manchester United)	–	9	4	–	–	–	–	–	13
Augusto (Benfica)	–	–	–	–	–	6	6	1	13
Taylor (Manchester United)	–	8	4	–	–	–	–	–	12
Gento (Real)	1	1	3	1	2	1	2	1	12

Season	Leading Scorer	Club	Goals	Games	Biggest Victory	Best Attack(s)
1955-56	Milutinovic	(Partizan)	7	4	Milan 7, Rapid 2	Real Madrid 19 A.C. Milan 19
1956-57	Viollet	(Man. Utd.)	9	6	Manchester Utd. 10, Anderlecht 0	Manchester Utd. 23
1957-58	Di Stefano	(Real M.)	10	7	Red Star 9, Dudelangen 1	A.C. Milan 26
1958-59	Fontaine	(Reims)	10	7	Wiener 7, Juventus 0	Atletico Madrid 25
1959-60	Puskas	(Real Madrid)	12	7	Real Madrid 7, Esch 1	Real Madrid 31
1960-61	Aguas	(Benfica)	10	9	Young Boys 6, Limerick 0	Benfica 25
1961-62	Puskas		7	8	Odense 9, Sporz 2	Real Madrid 30
	Di Stefano		7	9		
	Tejada	(all Real M.)	7	7		
1962-63	Altafini		14	9	Ipswich 10, Hibernians 0	A.C. Milan 33

	Matches	Goals	Scorers	Penalties	Own Goals
1955-56	29	127	64	8	4
1956-57	44	170	87	10	2
1957-58	48	189	91	4	1
1958-59	55	199	98	9	3
1959-60	52	219	101	14	3
1960-61	51	166	89	4	5
1961-62	55	222	97	8	8

Last-minute goal for Chile scored by Rojas. Left to right: Radakovic (Czechoslovakia), Leonel Sanchez, Markovic and Rojas. Chile beat Yugoslavia 1-0. (Metelmann.)

Gordon Jeffery's Latin Look-in

CHILE INTEREST IS NOT COOLING

South American Commentary

A FLASH-BACK to the climax of Chile's League season; a reminder of the size, and therefore the varying climate, of the Latin American world with the first results of matches played in Argentina's new League season; and a trickle of early results in the South American Champions Cup matches.... That is the fare for this month's feature.

The important Chilean Championship deciding match between Universidad de Chile and Universidad Catolica is strictly speaking "old news" now, crowded out from last month's issue when due regard needed to be paid to the South American national Championships won by Bolivia. But, apart from the fact that since the World Cup final matches were staged there last summer most of us feel a greater awareness of football in Chile, this particular match is too interesting to ignore entirely — the more so as readers of this magazine are unlikely to accept that the results of matches once they have been played are "as cold as yesterday's mashed potatoes!"

The staging of the World Cup final matches was, of course, a considerable boost for all those loving football in Chile and concerned with spreading its popularity — and improving the overall standards of play. Yet I feel I must note that the vast disparity of interest that showed itself in the attendances at World Cup matches does still persist in their run-of-the-mill League matches. The tremendous interest shown in this play-off match between the great rivals, Universidad de Chile and Universidad Catolica, needs to be set against the attendance at the League match between Ferrobadminton and Rangers on February 24. The match was played at the Independence Stadium (Estadio de Independencia) and there were present 236 who paid at the door, and 209 others. I make it that there was a little under thirty pounds taken in receipts with Ferrobadminton receiving twenty-one pounds and Rangers eight pounds, ten shillings! Scarcely the money to go in for big transfers....

There was no similar lack of interest in the clash of the two U's. In recent years it is these two clubs who have captured the public fancy in a manner that once was the monopoly of Colo Colo, and what added to the particular interest in this match was the manner in which, as I related in the May issue of WORLD SOCCER, Universidad de Chile had recovered from their poorish start to the season and had slowly caught up with Universidad Catolica.

In the course of their final sprint to the finish, Universidad de Chile had beaten Universidad Catolica by four goals to one before eighty thousand spectators. But could they repeat that victory in the match that would determine the Championship after the two clubs had ended their full programme of League matches with the same number of points?

Expectations

Matches that are anticipated with the intensity that this one was in Chile often fail sadly to come up to their expectations but this one was well-worthy of the occasion. Perhaps a majority of the best of Chile's players were on the field: the national backs, Luis Eyzaguirre and Sergio Navarro, half-backs, Contreras and Sepulveda, and forwards as Braulio Musso and Leonel Sanchez, playing for Universidad de Chile; and Valdes, Alberto Fouilloux, Armando Tobar and Orlando Ramirez for Universidad Catolica.

The final score of Universidad de Chile 5 Universidad Catolica 3, is evidence that the fans of both clubs had plenty to cheer about: that both goalkeepers, Manuel Astorga, of Universidad de Chile, and Walter Behrends, had good games despite the goals each let in, is surely evidence that the play was full of good, attacking moves — a credit to Chilean football.

The opening phase of the match was even and the first goal, after twelve minutes, came as something of a surprise. Eyzaguirre moved upfield in the way he showed he loved to do during the World Cup matches, and was fouled by UC's full-back, Jorge Sullivan. Musso took a quick free-kick, directing the ball towards right-winger, Ruben Marcos. Marcos crossed; Behrends seemed to sense the danger and made a hesitant advance to cut off the centre, but then held back as the ball dipped between two Catolica defenders—and whilst they too dithered, Carlos Campos (the stand-in for Landa in Chile's World Cup match against Yugoslavia) dived forward and headed goal number one for Universidad de Chile.

Started

Universidad de Chile hit again a few minutes later when Leonel Sanchez centred, and again the Universidad Catolica defence were caught in a helpless tangle, and again the eager, thrusting Campos pounced on the ball and scored. At this stage it seemed likely that Universidad de Chile would run riot but Catolica recovered their poise and, inspired by that excellent footballer Armando Tobar, playing at centre-forward, gradually developed their own attacking moves. They had their first reward, four minutes from the interval, when Orlando Ramirez made a superb touchline run, eluding three defenders, before crossing the ball for Tobar to take advantage of a delayed attempt at interception by Contreras to push the ball past 'keeper Astorga. Two-one at the interval.

In the fourth minute of the second half Universidad Catolica drew level. As with

Universidad de Chile's opening goal, the movement started from a free-kick. Ramirez was fouled and took the kick and Alberto Fouilloux shot the ball past Astorga into the left-hand corner of the net. Now, in this match of finely balanced skills and see-saw fortunes, it was the turn of Universidad de Chile to show how they could re-act against the run of the play. Appropriately it was their inside-right, Ernesto Alvarez, who brought them back into the lead just three minutes later. Appropriately, because amongst the established stars on the field none shone brighter than this tall, slim, graceful forward. In a way that would not have disgraced Pelé himself, Alvarez picked and swerved his way between and around three or four defenders before slamming a left-foot shot into the net. A great individual goal. And a few minutes later it was the same player who applied the finishing touch to a great collective goal. Luis Eyzaguirre again advancing adventurously upfield and passing to Musso: Musso across field to Marcos, Marcos back towards the centre and Alvarez firmly placing the ball out of Behrends' reach.

Four-two in favour of Universidad de Chile with ten minutes left for play — then Catolica's captain, Fouilloux, took charge for a fine dribble that ended with his darting between Contreras and Eyzaguirre, and shooting the ball into Universidad de Chile's net. Four-three!

Subdued

The fierce and accurate shooting of Leonel Sanchez had been one of the features of Chile's World Cup play. In this match the temperamental winger had been somewhat subdued — until he broke through to crash in just such a fierce shot. Behrends dived despairingly but the ball was swishing in the net whilst the 'keeper was still in flight. Universidad de Chile had won their third Championship of Chile — and how more thrilling a way to clinch it than by a Leonel Sanchez "special"?

Vying with Leonel Sanchez for the major share of the spotlight during the World Cup matches so far as home players were concerned was that thriving, thrusting wing-half, Eladio Rojas, the scorer of Chile's winning goal against the Soviet Union in the quarter-final and of their only, and winning, goal against Yugoslavia in the match that gave Chile third place. Rojas was not playing in the Santiago decider between "U" and "UC" — his Chilean club was Everton; neither, it seems, will he often be seen in the Chilean national team during the coming season. Rojas has been transferred to the Argentinian club, River Plate, and River are reluctant to let him play out of their colours!

They did not, however, include him in their team for the opening League match against San Lorenzo. The only newcomer in their line-up was the Brazilian-born outside-left, Conceicao, signed from the Second Division Argentinian club, Newell's Old Boys. Rojas indeed faces considerable opposition at wing-half from the "first-team" players, Sainz and Varacka — not to mention the reserve, Ditro!

The fourteen clubs — Ferro Carril Oeste and Quilmes have been relegated and Banfield promoted — have, at the time of

ADEMIR (da Guia) (Bangu)

writing, played two matches apiece with the following results:

1st week:			
Argentinos Juniors	1	Boca Juniors	4
River Plate	4	San Lorenzo	0
Independiente	3	Chacarita Jun.	0
Gimnasia y Esgrima	2	Rosario Central	2
Banfield	0	Estudiantes	2
Velez Sarsfield	2	Racing	1
Huracan	1	Atlanta	4
2nd week:			
Boca Juniors	2	Huracan	2
Atlanta	1	Velez Sarsfield	0
Racing	0	Banfield	0
Estudiantes	2	Gimnasia	1
Rosario Central	1	Independiente	2
Chacarita Juniors	0	River Plate	2
San Lorenzo	1	Argentinos Jun	3

These are early days but one's first impression from these results is that this new Argentinian League season is beginning very much as last season's ended with the reigning champions, Boca Juniors, liable to drop the occasional point and the runners-up River Plate still in the splendid form that almost enabled them to make up the ground they had lost in the first quarter of last season.

This season, if these first results are any criterion, River have started off in top gear — and no doubt mean to continue that way. Their emphatic victory over San Lorenzo is perhaps less impressive than it at first appears when it is further noticed that San Lorenzo lost their second match to Argentinos Juniors and that the latter had themselves been beaten 4-1 by Boca Juniors. San Lorenzo are this season without their fine inside-forward, Sanfilippo. He has not, as once seemed likely, been brought to Europe but has been transferred to Boca. San Lorenzo are certain to miss him — last season they ended in twelfth place and Sanfilippo scored twenty-three of their total of thirty-nine goals!

Addition

Boca have been content with their remarkably strong defence of last season — one that conceded only eighteen goals in the twenty-eight League matches; but, in addition to Sanfilippo, they have strengthened their forward line by the acquisition of Racing's winger, Orestes Corbatta. Boca's first day four goals scored against Argentinos Juniors was an attacking improvement on last year when, although they twice beat Argentinos, they were unable in either match to notch more than two goals. Nor has their draw with Huracan shown a decline from last season when the corresponding match was also drawn — one-all.

Still, Boca are already a point behind River Plate, Independiente, Estudiantes and Atlanta. Independiente and Atlanta both had relatively successful seasons last year — they finished fourth and seventh respectively, but the advance of Estudiantes is a happy change. It was only the expulsion, rather than the relegation, of Ferril Carril Oeste that kept Estudiantes in the top division after they ended the season in fourteenth place (last but one), and they had only five wins in their twenty-eight matches. Two wins, even if one of them was against the newcomers Banfield, in two matches must look sweet to Estudiantes' fans!

Banfield, the new boys, have found the going hard and have yet to score, but they gained a point from their goalless match with Racing. Whether this is an indication that Banfield are likely to rate as an averagely good side, or that Racing are still sadly in the doldrums, only the next few weeks will reveal. Chacarita and Gimnasia, two of last season's surprise successes — they ended sixth and third respectively — have both started badly and are the only pointless clubs.

Champions

Boca Juniors have made progress in the South American Champion Clubs Cup but not before they had a shock when the Paraguayan champions, Olympia, beat them in Ascuncion by the only goal of the match. Back in Buenos Aires for the second leg, Boca won by five goals to three, however. An interesting sidelight of the encounters is that Boca are rumoured to be much interested in three of Olympia's forwards — Zarate, Ferreira and Rodriguez. Zarate, incidentally, was one of the players who most caught the eye in Bolivia in the South American national championships.

The only other result for this competition yet to hand is that Alianza Lima of Peru and Millionarios Bogota of Colombia played a goalless match.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S MOST FAMOUS CLUB TEAM

THE VTJ Dukla Prague which draws its players from the Czechoslovak Army and is sometimes known as the Czechoslovak Army side, was founded in the year 1947 in Velká Chuchle, a suburb of Prague, under the title ATK Prague.

Following this in the year 1953 the UDA Prague was founded in the capital as an Army organisation which catered not only for football but for all sporting activities for men and women.

In 1958 there was a reorganisation of sports in Czechoslovakia and as a result of this Dukla Prague — the new name having been adopted in the meantime — took over from UDA Prague the football, handball, swimming and athletics sections for men only. Two years later they moved to their present ground, the Juliška-Stadium at Prague-Dejvice, which is well equipped with swimming pool, gymnasium and other facilities although its capacity for spectators does not equal that of the former Army-Stadium at Prague-Strahov.

"Dukla" is the name of a mountain pass in the Carpathians where forward elements of the Czechoslovak Army on the side of the U.S.S.R. Army passed over the Czechoslovak boundary in the year 1944.

The Dukla Prague club is renowned as a traveller and in the course of its tours it has visited most countries in Europe as well as to Canada, U.S.A., Mexico, Costa Rica, Egypt, Sudan, etc. Two years ago the club put up a notable performance in the New York International Soccer League in the two-leg Final against Everton, winning 7-0 and 5-2, and successfully defended the American Challenge Cup last year against CD America Rio de Janeiro 1-1 and 2-1.

The members of the Dukla team have between them close on 200 International appearances, the most-capped member of the side being the "best footballer 1962" Josef

American Challenge Cup Holders Focus on Dukla Prague

Masopust and Ladislav Novák. In the Czechoslovak National Team which took part in the World Championship in Chile in 1962 were six members of the Dukla Prague club: Pavel Kouba, Ladislav Novák, Josef Masopust, Svatopluk Pluskal, Josef Jelínek and Josef Adamec. Top star Rudolf Kučera was injured.

First time ATK Prague took part in the Czechoslovak League in the year 1949 they finished sixth. In the following years the position was as follows: 1950 fifth, 1951 fifth, 1952 eighth, 1953 first, 1954 fourth, 1955 second, 1956 first, 1957-8 first, 1958-9 second, 1959-60 third, 1961-2 first and 1961-2 first. In the year 1961 and 1962 besides the Czechoslovak Championship Dukla Prague also won the Czechoslovak Cup.

Pen Pictures

Josef Adamec, inside-left, born February 26, 1942, at Vrbové; has made four international performances for Czechoslovakia to date. By trade a mechanic. His first club was Spartak Trnava. Master of Sports.

Jaroslav Borovička, centre-forward, born January 26, 1931, at Prague. Is by trade a printer. Holder of twenty-one Caps and was formerly with Spartak Prague Sokolovo. Master of Sports.

Jan Brumovsky, outside-right, born June 26, 1937, at Levice. A schoolmaster and formerly played for Tatran Teplice. Has three Caps. Master of Sports.

Jiri Cadek, centre-half, born December 7, 1935, at Pavlikov. A locksmith by trade with one Cap to date. Formerly with Spartak Cakovice. Master of Sports.

Milan Dvořák, half-back or inside-forward, born November 19, 1934, at Prague. An electrical engineer who has played in thirteen internationals. His wife, incidentally, is also an International in the Women's Handball Team. Master of Sports. Formerly CKD Prague.

Jan Geleta, half-back, born September 13, 1943, at Horné Matešice, formerly with Iskra Partizánske, employee.

Václav Horák, half-back, born June 3, 1942, at Prague, worker, our own pupil.

Josef Jelínek, outside-left, born January 9, 1941, at Prague. A stove-smith with three Caps to date. Graduated through the ranks of Dukla Junior teams to the Senior side. Distinguished Master of Sports.

František Jílek, born June 13, 1942, at Prague, locksmith, inside-right, local product.

Karel Knesl, stopper, born April 8, 1942, at Prusy-Pustiměř, worker, formerly with TJ Gottwaldov.

Pavel Kouba, goalkeeper, born September 1, 1939, at Kladno and by trade a locksmith. He is a Junior International and has played previously for Spartak Kladno. Distinguished Master of Sports.

Rudolf Kučera, inside-right or left, born January 29, 1940, at Spytihněv. Has one Cap to date. Worker by trade. Has played previously for TJ Gottwaldov. Leading scorer of the Czechoslovak League 1960-1. Master of Sports.

Josef Masopust, left-half, born February 9, 1931, at Most. A turner by trade. Has nearly fifty Caps. Formerly with Tatran Teplice. With Pluskal was elected most popular sportsman of Czechoslovakia of 1961 and was selected the most popular footballer of Europe 1962. Distinguished Master of Sports.

Josef Nedorost, forward, born August 20, 1943, Velen, student, local product.

Ladislav Novák, left-back, born December 5, 1931, at Louny. A locksmith by trade, with many international honours for Czechoslovakia. Former club was Tatran Teplice. Distinguished Master of Sports.

Václav Pavlis, goalkeeper, born March 7, 1930, at Prague, also a locksmith, and has made four appearances for the Czechoslovak National team. His former club was CKD Prague. Master of Sports.

Josef Masopust (left) with Reyes the Mexican international of Guadalajara pictured during the Czechoslovakian club's tour of the country earlier this year. (O.)

Dukla Prague juniors line up for a photograph. Pictured here are some of the Czech internationals of the future. (O.)

Svatopluk Pluskal, right-half, born October 28, 1930, at Gottwaldov. A tailor by trade with over forty Caps to his credit. Formerly played for TJ Gottwaldov. Distinguished Master of Sports.

Svatopluk Prikril, left-half, born September 1, 1943, at Martin, student, our own pupil.

Jaromir Redina, goalkeeper, born July 14, 1941, at Hulin, turner by trade, formerly with Spartak Uh. Hradiště.

Jiri Sura, centre-forward, born January 24, 1939, at Brno. A locksmith by trade and a Junior International. His former club was Spartak Brno ZJS.

František Safránek, right-back, born January 2, 1931, at Prague. Holds twenty-two Caps and was formerly with Spartak Prague Sokolovo. Is also a talented musician (violin). Master of Sports.

Ivan Urban, half-back or full-back, born May 7, 1931, and a native of Prague. A journalist by profession with four International honours. Played formerly for Dynamo Prague. Master of Sports.

Antonin Vacenovsky, forward, born April 3, 1942, at Ratiškovice, locksmith by trade, formerly with TJ Gottwaldov.

Josef Vacenovsky, outside-right, born July 19, 1937, at Ratiškovice. A junior international for Czechoslovakia and formerly with Banik Ratiškovice, worker by trade. Master of Sports.

Jaroslav Vojta, outside-right, born August 5, 1942, at Chudčice, worker by trade, formerly Lokomotiva C Třebová.

The trainer-coach of Dukla Prague is Mr. **Jaroslav Vejvoda**, one of the leading coaches in Czechoslovakia.

European Cup goalscorers

by Roger Macdonald

● *Continued from page 11*

Madrid player to miss a penalty — Colonna of Reims made a great save from his kick in the 1959 Final — but Mateos salvaged his reputation with an ordinary goal and Real won 2-0 anyway.

Several players have scored two penalty-kicks in a single competition — Palotas (MTK); Nurenberg (Nice); Kubala (Barcelona); Baum (Eintracht); and Dalmonte (Milan). Dalmonte smashed two past Alonso in the Real Madrid goal in the 1955-56 competition with almost sadistical delight. Lantos of Voros Lobogo converted three kicks in the first round tie with Reims during the same season — but his club still lost 8-6 on aggregate.

Lantos's spot-kicks were not all taken in the same match, but no less than forty-nine genuine hat-tricks have been recorded. Notable efforts include those of Cliff Jones (Spurs v. Gornik); Lindner (Eintracht v. Rangers); Augusto (Benfica v. Nuremberg); Sivori (Juventus v. Wiener); and Czordas (Vasas v. CDNA Sofia). Two players made personal history in scoring three times in a match against Real Madrid — Nurenberg for Nice (3-2, 1959-60) and Happel for Rapid Vienna in a great 5-2 victory which forced Madrid to a play-off.

Di Stefano, Puskas and Tommy Taylor have each scored three or more goals on two or more occasions — Taylor twice; Puskas three times; and Di Stefano four times. Only the White Arrow can boast of four goals in a match on two occasions — against Seville and Wiener. Real Madrid beat Wiener 7-1 in the 1958-59 competition; in the preliminary round Wiener had sensationally defeated Juventus — Sivori, John Charles and all — 7-0 and Hammerl had also scored four goals. Strange but true.

Altafini becomes the only player in the top ten to score five goals in a single match — he did it against poor Union Luxembourg last year. Another Luxembourg team, Spora, were on the receiving end of a handful from Lofqvist (Odense) during 1961-62. In the 1960-61 season Ohlsson (Goteborg) handed out a similar dose to Linfield, and now Ray Crawford has achieved the same for Ipswich at the expense of Hibernians from Malta.

Ipswich's 14-1 aggregate victory equalled that of Red Star (14-1 v. Dudelingen, Luxembourg — Kostic four) and Milan (14-0 v. Union Luxembourg). Their home victory, 10-0, was an identical result to that slaughter of Anderlecht by Manchester United (Viollet four, T. Taylor three) way back in 1956. Curiously, the Ipswich victory was hailed with great enthusiasm, while Manchester United's opponents, Anderlecht, were dismissed as third rate at the time. In fact Anderlecht would not have disgraced the English First Division, then or now, and Manchester United's victory was a superb display of attacking football.

When Di Stefano headed home his forty-fourth goal in European Cup football it was sufficient to save the match against Anderlecht last September. But it was not sufficient to keep Real in the competition, and one wonders whether the old firm can stay in business for another year. Gento is still a formidable opponent on the left wing — *his* goal against Anderlecht gave him the unique record of having scored in each of the eight competitions — but old faithfuls such as Rial and Mateos are no longer in first-class football. Alas, all the Altafinis, the Aguas and the Eusebios in the world cannot replace Puskas and Di Stefano. Di Stefano is supreme, and supremely irreplaceable. From the spectators' point of view, the question is not what would Real Madrid have done without Alfredo Di Stefano, but what shall we do without him?

MY FORECAST CORRECT

MY three definite forecasts in WORLD SOCCER last season were a 2-0 victory for England against France, the Italian League Championship for Internazionale, and the European Cup for A.C. Milan. The first proved disastrously wrong: the others pleasantly right. Internazionale did well to hold off a strong challenge from Juventus in the Italian League, vindicating the predictions of manager Helenio Herrera just in time to save his job. His contemporary, Riera of Benfica, may find his own decision to return to South America precipitated by his failure to emulate his predecessor Bela Guttman in retaining the trophy.

Benfica were perhaps a little unfortunate in being unable to field Germano in the Final, but the result was nevertheless a fair one. Altafini got the goals he so desperately wanted to beat Puskas's record, and would have recorded a hat-trick but for some great saves by Costa Pereira. The brilliance of both goalkeepers did more to prevent a repetition of the 1962 goal rush than Milan's *Catenaccio* defence — which, I am pleased to say, they twice abandoned to great effect and played sparkling football. The magic of Rivera and the perception of Dino Sani were finally too much for a Benfica team relying heavily on Eusebio's striking power.

Milan will find the European crown a heavy one to wear. Next season they can expect a determined challenge from Tottenham in a prestige friendly between the two Cup holders. In the European Cup itself Real Madrid, Everton, Rangers, perhaps Dukla and Benfica again, will be all out for the title. But the greatest threat must come from neighbours Internazionale, great rivals, and tough opposition in any match. Come what may, the city of Milan is in for a feast of football.

ROGER MACDONALD

England's Director of Coaching . . . ▶

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEACHING AND COACHING

Story by
BRIAN MARSHALL

ALAN Wade, the Football Association's new director of coaching, is one of England's new personalities, and from my first encounter with the former Notts County centre-half and Loughborough schoolteacher, he is not going to be liked — by some people.

His new broom will have an effect on a good many people, who have for a long period played such a leading role in the function of the game in this country. A lot of people are going to change their coats of colour if they are to maintain their present positions.

Wade is bringing in some fresh thinking into a simple game which a lot of people have made very complicated. It is this attitude which, I am sure, has been the main reason for our pegging in current world ratings.

The tall, lithe fellow, wants to start at the bottom of the tree with children of six and seven. It is in this group that Wade believes that the seeds of soccer wisdom can be effectively sown. He admits that the social structure being what it is today, his task is far more difficult than in soccer hey-day of the early 1920s.

His ambition is to get the professional players into these schools. As a former teacher he is fully aware that his old colleagues only bothered to take coaching exams to get a little more out of the game than they were willing to put in.

Formulating

It is this attitude that Wade is trying to kill. As he points out: "The Rugby officials will not miss a chance to gain ground at the expense of soccer. It is up to us to stop this swing."

While he admits that he is still formulating his own ideas on the future development of the game in England, Wade left no doubt in my mind that the very essence of coaching is to be reformed.

The set movements and diagrams, aimed originally at the schoolteachers, to stimulate interest in the children, are out so far as coaching is concerned.

He said: "Everyone is obsessed by the individual skills and the conception of coaching has gone astray. Coaching is vital to the development of football and the rigid approach must be obliterated. What I want to achieve is to generate interest in the younger element. If I cannot do it, then I'm stone-dead."

As Wade pointed out there is a big difference between teaching and coaching in soccer. Almost anyone after a certain amount of time can put on a slick show, but the benefits of the game can only be obtained and appreciated from long hours of coaching and close contact between players and their coach.

No one is trying to decry Walter Winterbottom's methods. A great deal of thought has gone into his plans and it is no false claim that he was the greatest tactician in the game when in charge of English soccer.

Following his surprise exit, England now have Wade as their chief coach, while Alf Ramsey, the former Spurs and England full-back, has now taken up his appointment as England's team manager following his success at Ipswich. Whether or not two cooks are better than one, remains to be seen.

But speaking to Wade, I have a feeling that Ramsey will want to be responsible for his own coaching in the England side. Ramsey believes in the close, personal touch. He likes to deal with the individual and in this way hopes to mould together a match winning side.

While the Ramsey approach differs to the extreme when compared with Wade's methods, they are both aiming at the same objective. It is this approach which often amazes me in the English game. Some of the best coaches are not qualified and if you were to speak to them on the subject they will inform you in no uncertain terms what they think about this aspect of the sport.

ALAN WADE

But it stands to reason that they would not hold their present position but for an outstanding ability with their players. As Wade points out this is true coaching.

Describing himself as a great optimist, Wade believes that English soccer can once again hold up its head with pride. The success of the England youth team in the recent tournament proves this point. It is odds-on that the same policy, which has now been proved, will be incorporated in the programme for the senior players.

Programme

This is where Wade will play the vital role. It is up to him to set up the machinery to provide the even flow of talent into the top flight. Wade is convinced that it is only from the schools that he can succeed.

Up to now the schools programme, as such, has not proved very outstanding. Wade admits that several thousands of pounds each year are ploughed into this section and the results do not justify the outlay.

At present, less than 20 per cent of the boys who leave school each year are still playing soccer twelve months later. While most of the 20 per cent would still be playing irrespective of their standard, Wade feels that a good percentage of the other 80 per cent could also be persuaded to remain in the game if given the correct encouragement.

He admits that the rigid coaching in some areas has driven some youngsters away from the sport. They wish to improve their own standard but present coaching methods tend to baffle them and kills their enthusiasm.

Yes, Wade has a tremendous task in front of him but given the correct sort of encouragement he could achieve his objectives.

DISCRIMINATING SOCCER FANS READ
SOCCER STAR

COLUNA MISHAP WAS THE END OF IBERIAN HOPES

EUROPEAN CUP FINAL REPORT by ERIC BATTY

THE European Cup remains in "Latin" hands, though a new name follows that of Real Madrid and Benfica—AC Milan. That the Italians should win it was, I thought, a little unjust for until the brains of the Portuguese side, left-half Mario Coluna, was badly hurt in the fiftieth minute, Benfica were never really in trouble, and I felt, likely to retain their trophy.

Before the match, it had seemed likely that we would see a hard defensive struggle. Benfica playing to a 4-2-4 formation were the more fluid, but still obviously unwilling to give anything away, but Milan as expected were being extra cautious. They withdrew Maldini to lie "free" behind the row of three defenders and played to a strict 1:3:3:3 system.

In the early stages, Benfica were more prepared to attack, and naturally the initiative fell to them. Making all the running, they scored first through Eusebio after eighteen minutes when the black bomber, running twenty yards through the Milan defence, finished with a terrific cross shot that Ghezzi might not have seen. Certainly he made no move to keep it out!

Followed

From this moment on the game took a turn for the better. Trainer Rocco left his seat to pass the word that Milan should "open" the game a little more, and then followed fifteen minutes of complete Milan domination. At this stage Benfica could have been swamped, but they packed their goal and survived, with Coluna at this stage well back and playing magnificently.

Altafini, eager to get the goal that would put his season's tally up to thirteen and enable him to take the scorer's record for the European Cup which Ferenc Puskas set up with Real Madrid in 1959-60, went close to scoring several times. Twice Costa Pereira leaped cat-like to hold the Brazilian's headers from close in, and both Sani and Rivera had shots that were only just wide.

Penalty

Trebbi's shot was perhaps the best Milan effort in the first half-hour. Mora took a corner out on the left, and with sixteen players packed into the Portuguese penalty area, pulled his kick back along the ground for Trebbi who smashed it first time, and brought a wonderful save from Costa Pereira.

It was all Milan now, and Altafini took what I thought to be a "good" goal when the Benfica 'keeper handled the ball just outside the area. With Pereira walking back to goal, and the other players standing about, Altafini put the ball down and rolled it into goal, but the referee insisted the kick be re-taken.

As long as the ball is "dead" quickly-taken free kicks pass, out in midfield, and I couldn't see any valid reason for disallowing the goal. There's nothing in the laws about granting time for the offending team to organise a "wall".

Before half-time, Benfica came back into the game to relieve the pressure on their goal and though Jose Augusto was kept very quiet on the right wing, the rest of the attack was far from blunted. Santana dropping back in midfield to play alongside Coluna was doing well, and the tall ungainly Torres was, I thought, a great improvement on Aguas, who for all his reputation as a goalgetter, had never impressed me. Torres in fact is a much better player than many give him credit for. He looks awkward and slow, yet twice he outran Maldini, and went close to scoring with several good shots and headers. Aguas, I think, will now fade out, and we shall hear much more from this man Torres.

Received

Milan, still trailing at half-time, obviously received a boost from Rocco during the break, and after only a few minutes the game turned in their favour. Pivatelli, who had been brought in unexpectedly on the right wing and was withdrawn into midfield to shadow Coluna, was beaten by him and as the ex-Mozambique star went past he "chopped" him down from behind. Coluna limped around painfully for a few minutes; went off, and came back but was clearly in pain. Again he went off, this time to the dressing room, and then ten minutes from the end returned, better now but still limping.

Defeat

This was the turning point of the game. Milan had blood in their nostrils, and lacking Coluna who means as much to Benfica as Di Stefano did to Madrid, the Portuguese knew they faced defeat.

The leveller, that was almost inevitable, came in the sixty-first minute through Altafini standing just outside the Benfica penalty area. Taking a pass from Rivera, he pulled the ball round on the wrong side of Raul, and hitting his shot on the turn placed it well out of Costa Pereira's reach.

Now Milan had to win. Costa Pereira made his one mistake of the match, when, running out to kick the ball clear as Altafini closed in, hit it straight to Pivatelli. Back it came first time, the inevitable lob that no one could have reached in time, but it bounced just wide. Four minutes later it was all over—and I shall for ever be convinced that Altafini's winning goal was off-side!

Rivera started the move five yards inside his own half, making a forward pass to Altafini who was standing several yards offside—with Costa Pereira the only other player in the Benfica half!

Upfield

On its way to Altafini the ball touched a Portuguese defender, but at the moment the ball was played (the vital moment) the centre-forward was offside. Chased by two defenders, Altafini raced towards goal and shot from fifteen yards. Pereira, judging his moment well, came out exactly right and though he knew little about it the ball hit him. Luck, however, was again with Altafini for the ball dropped right at his feet, and his second shot was on the target.

The result was now beyond doubt, but the game was not quite over. Santana in a rare Benfica

● *Continued on page 24*

BENEATH THE MOB — A SCORER

Altafini is swamped by enthusiastic colleagues after scoring for Milan in the European Cup Final. The Brazilian-born Italian International set up a new scoring record for the competition with fourteen goals which seems unlikely to be broken for some time. (Central.)

The gap between the rich and the poor widens as rising prices continue to cause grave concern says TOM JAGGER

COSTS MOUNT IN ENGLAND

MR. Rising Price is keeping a firm grip on British soccer. Season tickets are costing more in many parts of the country. The top stars are demanding still higher wages. And the cost of running a big club is becoming fantastic.

Everything seems to be getting gradually out of focus, and it's small wonder that more and more of the Cinderella clubs are wondering how much longer they can carry on.

It's always tragic to contemplate the curtains coming down. But bills have to be met. Clubs can't live on the pipe dreams of supporters.

It's all a matter of simple economics. The average Third or Fourth Division club needs a regular crowd of at least 6,500 to keep it out of the red. Nothing less can do the trick unless they sell well in the transfer market or a soccer pool comes to the aid with a hefty cheque each week.

That kind of support, poor though it may seem, only just manages to keep a club going. Because it barely provides an annual income of around £16,000 to set against the normal, lowly club's overall bill of over £15,000 —wages and bonuses £12,000, travelling expenses £3,000, incidentals £500.

Trimming

That's how the poor live. And in case it's thought that the outgoings are a bit steep let me point out immediately that they could hardly stand any further trimming. The clubs whose balance sheets I have before me as I write, have already cut their expenses down to the bone.

They merely carry fifteen professionals at a rock bottom winter wage of £15, and only £12 in the summer. Yet their expenses soar into five figures without taking into account the ordinary staffing of a club.

But they just manage to get by each year. They are the lucky strugglers of the lower regions. There are others on a more severe breadline diet. Others whose "gates" last season didn't even average 4,500!

There were times, in fact, when fewer than 3,000 watched games at places such as Hartlepools, Halifax, Southport, Stockport, Chester, Carlisle and Bradford.

They stay optimistic, however, always hoping that something will turn up to change their luck. And if you express doubts on that score, they quickly refer you to Wolverhampton.

Neighbours

Wolverhampton? Yes, sir. Perhaps you've forgotten. But these fellows in charge of the clubs I've been telling you about haven't.

They remember that Wolverhampton Wanderers were once just poor neighbours, jogging along in the Third Division. Now, they are among the wealthiest in the land.

Which turns the picture, and presents the rosier view of the game, eyed through clicking turnstiles.

Nobody's grumbling about support at White Hart Lane, or Stamford Bridge, or Molineux, or Filbert Street, or Old Trafford, or Goodison, or Anfield, or Roker Park.

Those are the grounds where they still pack 'em in, and bank more than £6,000 every home match day.

Of course, their expenses are heavier. Every club in the top circle, and half of those in the Second Division face up to running costs of almost £80,000 a year. There is a handful whose annual pay-out slips into six figures.

For they are the ones with the expensive stars — the £50, £60, £70, £80, £90 and £100 a week players.

Officials of those clubs have no time to talk about crowds of 5,000 or under. It just sounds ridiculous to them. It's not their language.

That's the tragedy of the whole business. As I said at the start, it's getting out of focus.

At one end, there's money to burn, fortunes to be made, and nothing's too big to contemplate.

At the other end, it's a continual fight for survival and counting of every copper while most of the fans stay away.

That's the English soccer scene today, and something should be done to improve things.

The big 'uns should help the little 'uns. I don't suppose any of them would do that voluntarily, so I think it's up to the League to draw up a scheme which would ensure a better existence for those living in the basement.

They could impose a levy on the takings of each First and Second Division club, and spread it evenly between the Third and Fourth Division clubs at the end of the season.

The wealthy clubs couldn't really grumble about a 2 per cent levy on their aggregate receipts. Yet such a cut from the income of all the clubs in the top two

● *Continued on page 24*

Hartlepools United are one of the Football League's strugglers in Division IV who have to exist on gates of around 3,000. Billy Younger (pictured here) helped to add some punch and craft to the side for a spell last season. (L.I.)

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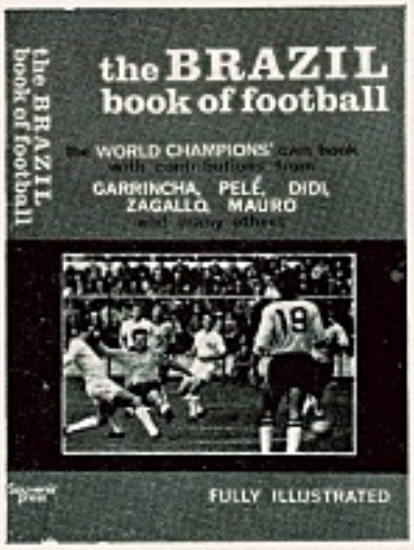

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Atletico Madrid goalkeeper Madinabeytia foils a raid threatened by Bobby Smith, the Tottenham Hotspur forward in Spurs' successful European Cup Winners' Cup final game. (O.)

EUROPE'S TOP CL

European Commentary by GORDON JEFFERY

THERE are thirty-two member-countries of the European Football Federation and thirty of them were represented by one or more of their clubs in the three club competitions that are open to all countries — the European Champions Cup, the European Cup-winners Cup and the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup. The odd men out were the Soviet Union, the largest country, and Iceland, in population at least, the smallest.

Most countries were represented in the Champions Cup; most clubs entered for the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup. Wales, represented by their Cup-winners, Bangor, in that European competition, were the one country of the thirty not directly interested in the Champions Cup. I suppose if the Welsh League was ever won by a club not a member of the Football League and therefore represented in the Welsh League, as are Cardiff and Swansea for examples, by their second or third XIs, there could be no valid objection to their League leaders entering for the Champions Cup. Swansea established the entry of the Welsh Cup winners in the European Cup-winners Cup competition in the season 1961-62 and after little Bangor's memorable matches with Naples this season it seems likely that the practice will continue.

Of the countries whose champions entered for the European competition this season, however, there were still six who were non-starters in the Cup-winners competition — Albania, Belgium, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Turkey. Some of these countries did have clubs, or cities, representing them in the Fairs Cup — Union St. Gilloise for Belgium, Altay Izmir for Turkey for examples. On the other hand, Bulgaria, Greece, Malta and Poland who entered clubs for both the Champions and the Cup-winners Cup, had no entries for the Fairs Cup.

In the Fairs Cup, of course, the maximum entry per country has nowadays been edged up to three with West Germany, Scotland, Spain and Yugoslavia taking up their full quota of places — more countries seem certain to do so next season. This multiplicity of entrants means that, although the number of countries represented are the least of the three competitions, the number of clubs in the Fairs Cup is the highest. The actual figures, as can be seen in the accompanying table, for the 1962-63 season were:

European Champions Cup:	29 countries—30 clubs
European Cup-winners Cup:	24 countries—25 clubs
Inter-Cities Fairs Cup:	21 countries—32 clubs

The additional club in the first two named competitions is, of course, the holder. Clubs is not strictly the correct description of all the Fairs Cup entrants — both Denmark and Netherlands have so far maintained the original concept of Fairs *Cities* and enter teams composed of selected players from various clubs in Copenhagen, Odense and Utrecht for examples.

My main intention in drawing up the table that accompanies this month's commentary was to gather, in a concise form, some of the most relevant information for trying to compare the relative importance of the three competitions as means of determining the top clubs in Europe.

Some understanding of the nature of each competition as it affects different countries is, however, as necessary as the bare facts and figures. The true picture for British readers is blurred, I think, both by the deep-rooted affection they feel for their national Cup competitions and by the fact that, peculiarly last season, the Cup-holders of both Scotland and England have been outstanding, probably the most outstanding, clubs — Glasgow Rangers and Tottenham.

It is not easy — indeed for me it is impossible — to explain satisfactorily the infinite appeal of the "Cup" to British fans. We all know that winning the League Championship is a far sterner, and less speculative, a task than winning the Cup. Yet, outside of their own circle, Everton's triumph cannot evoke the same feeling as has Manchester United's victory in the 1963 Wembley F.A. Cup Final. There is still nothing in the whole world of football that can be compared with what happens on Cup Final day in England, in particular, although the event does not pass unnoticed north and west of the border!

Thousand

It is not only that, whether the finalists be Burnley and Tottenham, Nottingham Forest and Luton, or Manchester United and Leicester, the hundred thousand places could be filled three or four times over. It is that just about every football fan — and hundreds of thousands not normally considered as fans — make a point of keeping the afternoon free of all other engagements to watch the game on television. *All* football is focused on the Wembley pitch in this annual affirmation of the paramount position of the Football Association in English football.

One is tempted from this to view the Cup Final — complete with its allocation of tickets to the humblest affiliated club, its regard for the players and supporters of all clubs under the F.A.'s aegis and not solely the professional élite — as some sort of healthy antidote to the commercialism of League football that developed from professionalism. Indeed, if pressed, one could make out a good argument along those lines — except that honesty compels me to mention that in European football as a whole it is the least-commercialised, the more amateur-minded, countries that show the scantiest regard for Cup football, as witness that it is the Scandinavians, Finland, Sweden and Norway, who are most conspicuously missing from the Cup-winners competition simply because players, clubs and fans alike care nothing for Cup competitions!

While these little professionalised countries are lukewarm about "Cups", there is not, conversely, any great interest shown about them by the majority of professional-playing countries, nor by the Warsaw Pact countries. In many countries, in Spain and Portugal for examples, the Cup — and then not a single-leg "knock-out" competition, serves to fill up a few more fixtures in the regular playing-season when the League programme has been completed. In others, dead or near-dead Cup competitions have been revived not from any great interest within the countries but because victory offers the opportunity of entry into the European Cup-winners competition — and that means money!

The major part of the fascination of the genuine knock-out Cup competition is the surprise qualifications that are possible because of the "sudden death" nature of the competition. An injury or two: an afternoon of indifferent form, are enough to remove a good side from the Cup and, as often as not, national Cup-winners are amongst the stragglers in their national League championships.

The European Cup-winners Cup is not a "knock-out" competition—except at the second remove. Its form is precisely the same as that

UBS SPOTLIGHTED

of the Champions Cup — but the entrants are a much more mixed bag. Thanks to the surprise element inherent in the national Cup competitions the clubs who appeared in this year's European competition included Second Division clubs of Italy and Portugal, and a club due for relegation in France. By and large the clubs entering for the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup were the occupants of higher positions in their national Leagues than were those who entered for the Cup-winners Cup.

Hazard

Moreover the fact that most countries will from now on be taking up their full quota of three clubs in the Fairs Cup will go some way to overcome what has been a hazard of the competition for the Champions Cup. It is one thing for CDNA Sofia to regularly win the Bulgarian championship, for Panathinaikos the Greek League, it is a vastly differept proposition for the same club to win the national championships of England, France, West Germany or Italy for even two successive seasons. Ipswich's considerable fall from first to eighteenth in the Football League has been exceptional of course but no club in England has been able to win the Championship three seasons in succession since Arsenal did it between 1932 and 1935, and, in recent years, two Championships in succession have proved too much for even the Spurs and Burnley.

The task of retaining a national Championship becomes even more difficult when a club is making progress in the European Champions Cup. Even in the not very exacting Portuguese League, Benfica fell to third place in the season 1961-62. It was indeed fortunate — or did they fear defeat as the European Champions this year, and took the more necessary precaution? — that they did win the Portuguese championship this season. Otherwise this fine club, who came so very close to retaining the European club championship for the third year, would have been "missing" from next year's competition.

In much the same way, had Milan — now the club champions of Europe — failed to win at Wembley they would have been non-starters since they have failed to retain the Italian Championship. Instead, within Milan, there arises amongst the local fans the interesting situation of some supporting the European Champions, AC Milan, and some the Italian Champions, Inter!

That Inter have, throughout the season, proved themselves the best team in Italy, does not detract from the validity of AC Milan's claim to be regarded as the Champion Club in Europe — but it does point to the desirability of some wider field of entry (from last season's tables) to prove this season's champions.

The way in which the scope of the Fairs Cup competition has involved does, I think, point the way ahead. Inevitably minus the reigning champions of each country who will be appearing in the Champions Cup, the Fairs Cup is likely

● *Continued overleaf*

Hans Schaefer (1st FC Cologne). (M.)

EUROPEAN CUP CONTESTANTS ANALYSED COUNTRY BY COUNTRY

Country	Champions Cup	A	B	Cup-WinnersCup	A	B	Fairs Cup	A	B	Fairs Cup	A	B	Fairs Cup	A	B
Albania	Partisan	1		—			—			—			—		
Austria	FK Austria	1	1	Graz	7	6	Rapid, Vienna	5	4	—			—		
Belgium	Anderlecht	1	3	—			U. St. Gilloise	10	15	—			—		
Bulgaria	CDNA, Sofia	1		Botev Plovdiv	2		—			—			—		
Czechoslovakia	Dukla Prague	1	1	Slovan Bratis.	7	5	Spartak Brno	14	13	—			—		
Denmark	Esbjerg			Odense B.K.			Copenhagen XI			Odense XI			—		
England	Ipswich	1	18	Tottenham	3	2	Everton	4	1	—			—		
Finland	IFK Helsinki	1		—			—			—			—		
France	Reims	1	3	St. Etienne	17	X	Marseille	X	20	—			—		
East Germany	Vorwarts	1		Chemnez Halle			Leipzig			—			—		
West Germany	F.C. Cologne	1	X	F.C. Nurnberg	2	X	Tasmania (Berl.)	X	X	Bay. Munich	X	X	VIK. Cologne	X	X
Greece	Panathinaikos	1	1	Olympiakos	2	3	—			—			—		
Hungary	Vasas	1	10	Ujpesti	2	2	Ferencvaros	3	1	—			—		
N. Ireland	Linfield	1		Portadown			Glentoran			—			—		
Rep. of Ireland	Shelbourne			Shamrock R.			Drumcondra			—			—		
Italy	Milan	1	4	Naples	X	15	Roma	5	5	Sampdoria	10	11	—		
Luxembourg	Union Lux.	1		All. Dudelange	2		Aris	6		—			—		
Malta	Floriana	1		Hibernian			—			—			—		
Netherlands	Feyenoord	1	3	Sparta	9	1	Utrecht XI	10	3	—			—		
Norway	Fredrikstad		3	—			—			—			—		
Poland	Polonia Bytom			Zagledic			—			—			—		
Portugal	Sporting Club	1	3	Vitt. Setubal	X	9	Belenenses	5	4	Oporto	2	2	—		
	Benfica	3	1												
Rumania	Dynamo Buch.	1		Steura Buch.	9		Petrolui Ploesti	2		—			—		
Scotland	Dundee	1	9	Glasgow R.	2	1	Dunfermline	4	8	Hibernian	8	16	Celtic	3	4
Spain	Real Madrid	1		Seville	6		Valencia	7	0	Barcelona	2		Zaragoza	4	
				Atletico Madrid	3	0									
Sweden	Norrkoping			—			—			—			—		
Switzerland	Servette	1	5	Lausanne	2	2	Basle	7	5	—			—		
Turkey	Galatasaray	1		—			Altay Izmir	4		—			—		
Wales	—			Bangor	X		—			—			—		
Yugoslavia	Partisan	1	1	OFK Belgrade	6	5	Red Star	4	6	Dynamo Zagreb	3	2	Voj. Novi Sad	2	12

A = League position 1961/62 season. B = League position current season (final or at time of writing).
X = No national League or playing in non-premier division.

THREE OUTSTANDING SIDES HAVE BEEN SEEN IN THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS

GREAT INDIVIDUALS MAKE FOR GREAT TEAMS

***BRIAN GLANVILLE** draws the conclusion from his findings*

OVER the past fifteen years, the world has produced three absolutely outstanding football teams: the Hungarians of Puskas and Kocsis, the Brazilians of Didi and Pelé, and the Real Madrid team of Di Stefano.

Real, of course, are a club team, and a highly cosmopolitan one at that, so that there was no question of broad inferences being drawn from their success.

Not so in the case of Hungary and Brazil. During the early 'fifties, the world of football virtually abased itself at the feet of the Hungarians. The traumatic shock of their 6-3 win against England at Wembley, shattering the myth of English superiority, even at home, had coaches and critics studying and trying to adapt Hungarian methods. Grimsby Town, it may be remembered, did their best to import Emile Berkessy, the former Hungarian international star, as a coach. A book called *Learn to Play the Hungarian Way* enjoyed some currency. When the Hungarians thrashed England again, 7-1 in Budapest, the superiority of their game seemed more concrete and obvious than ever.

I say "their game" rather than "their team" because those were the terms in which all of us were thinking. For the team appeared to be no more than the cap of a formidable iceberg. Hungarian football was sound right through, from the bottom to the top. Endlessly—so it seemed—it produced talented, naturally gifted, intelligent players, while at the same time, its methods of coaching and training saw to it that their talent was fully exploited.

Gyula Mandi, who was then the Hungarian team manager, but later went to Israel, wrote in an English magazine of how his team prepared. There was an emphasis of diversity in training; players were encouraged to follow pursuits as far apart as mountain climbing and shot putting; the object was to see they did not become stale, and that they *did* become all-round athletes. Then, there was a concentration in training not only on work with the ball, but also on rehearsing "situations" which would arise in the course of a match. An admirable idea, and one which could certainly be added to the training repertoire of many British clubs.

Treated

In the 1954 World Cup—in Switzerland—the Hungarians faltered and failed, but this seemed no more than incidental. Had Puskas not been kicked by Liebrich in that first, costly 8-3 win over Germany, had the draw not treated Hungary so roughly—matches against Brazil and Uruguay while the Germans strolled through—had Puskas's "equalising" goal in the Final not been surprisingly given offside, they would probably have won. In any case, there was no comparison between their potential and the Germans', even if the Germans had won the decisive match.

And then, in that familiar, pidgin phrase, "comes the revolution"; the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. Providentially for the country's star footballers, it found Honved (for whom most of them played) on tour abroad. Of that team, Puskas, Kocsis and Czibor decided not to go back. The other two principal stars, Nandor Hidegkuti, the usually deep lying centre-forward who had scored three goals at Wembley, and Josef Boszik, the brilliant attacking right-half, decided to stay and return home, respectively. Hidegkuti probably had no alternative; he was a member of the Voros Logobo club, which was *not* on tour.

Didi holds high the Jules Rimet Cup following the final in Chile. (Meteimann.)

The moment of truth had arrived. Would the Hungarian conveyor built, the marvellously well articulated system, quickly replenish the gaps in the team, so that new glory could be won? It would not. The Hungarians unsteadily rebuilt. By 1958, and the Swedish World Cup, they had no better than a mediocre team, even if there were retrospective excuses that it had been demoralised by a customs "swoop" at the Budapest airport. Boszik and Hidegkuti were disappearing over the hill; Tichy's right foot was a

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY — continued from previous page

however to take in the second, third and fourth clubs of many countries in the future—and how often do these include the champions-to-be? Of this year's known champions at the moment for example, Inter were second last season in the Italian League, Everton fourth in the Football League, Rangers second in Scotland. Of current leaders, Standard Liege finished second last season in Belgium, and Ferencvaros third in Hungary.

All these, under the runners-up qualification, would have been likely entrants in the Fairs Cups of the future. If this competition develops as I feel it will, the number of entering clubs will soon be around the sixty mark. Can we begin to hope that some sort of League system might be arranged to sort them out?

Milan showed themselves at Wembley to be worthy Champions in the present organisational circumstances but the way ahead must be for an initial League system (as applies in the Rappan Cup) for the top three or four clubs of each country spread over sixteen groups or thirty-two, and for the group-leaders to continue in smaller groups to decide four semi-finalists. How far is this ahead?

potent but inadequate weapon. Little Wales put the Hungarians out, in the play-offs.

Today, the Hungarians have still to recover. They have thrown up a brilliant pair of forwards in Goroes and Albert, a splendid right-half, probably the best in Europe, in the tall, blond Solymosi. But, like patriotism, it hasn't been enough. They are still very far from being a great team again, as the 1958 World Cup proved. The Hungarians of Puskas's day, happy to give away three or four goals provided they could score six or seven, would have been ashamed of the cautious, massive defence which won the game at Rancagua against England.

Competition

The Brazilians, in 1958, were as impressive in their way as the Hungarians, five years earlier. Indeed, they seemed to have even more outstanding players. Gilmar, the Santoses, at full-back, Zito, Pelé, Didi, Garrincha, even Vavà; all of these were world-class footballers. Starting slowly, but getting better and better as the competition went on, the Brazilians at last reached crescendo in the Final at Stockholm, when their marvellous, rhythmic football annihilated the Swedes, and Garrincha emerged as a great winger; even an unstoppable one.

Four years later, in Chile, the team had aged, and mostly lacked Pelé, but it was still—in a less adventurous way—good enough to succeed. The reservoir of talent seemed deeper and more impressive even than the Hungarians. Poverty, negro flexibility and skill, had provided the Brazilians with an endless supply of brilliant players. After all, the "old" team had been stuck to through sheer conservatism; players like Mengalvio, Coutinho, Gerson and Jair were hammering on the door.

But when Brazil came to Europe this year and the young men got their chance, what happened? It quickly appeared that they were not yet capable of taking it. The loss of Didi, master spirit of the forward line, the absence of Vavà, Zozimo, Nilton Santos, was disastrous. It was all very well for Vicente Feola, one of the team managers (and the manager in Sweden) to talk about "proving them in the fire", as he did to me. Many European critics wondered whether Brazil could reconstitute a World Cup winning side in the three years remaining to them.

Perhaps they will; after all, there was no comparison between the unsuccessful 1956 side which toured Europe, and the triumphant World Cup eleven, two years later. Besides, when a World Cup is in prospect, the Brazilians really buckle down to it, and prepare.

Alfredo Di Stefano has been the outstanding Real Madrid player in the past decade. (Planet.)

Yet I cannot help being reminded of the England team of about 1948, surely one of the finest we have ever had, with Matthews, Mortensen, Lawton, Mannion, Swift, Finney. It was, at its best, a great side, as it showed when thrashing Italy 4-0 in Turin, yet most critics knew that it had little or nothing to do with the actual state of the Football League. Beneath this thin crust one found layer after layer of mediocrity, and when the Mannions and Lawtons had gone their way, we came upon the lean years; years which to a great extent are still with us.

Similarly, Scotland today have their finest team since the war, thanks to Denis Law, Jim Baxter, Ian Ure, Willie Henderson, John White. But is Scottish soccer fundamentally healthy and sound? Just watch the average Scottish League match, or reflect on the fate of Rangers when they are not playing Celtic but the Spurs.

The more one has to do with football, the more does it seem that individuals, happening to occur together at a certain period, make for great teams, while systems are quite secondary. After all, what would Real Madrid have ever been, without Di Stefano?

FIRST EUROPEAN CUP TASTE FOR SLIEMA

MALTESE NEWS COMPILED BY ARTHUR J. LEAVER

TODAY the 23rd May, 1963, at the Empire Stadium, before a large crowd, Sliema Wanderers won the F.A. Trophy by beating the holders Hibernians by 2 goals to 0 in an exciting match which had all the fanfare of cup finals played on the Continent.

The Wanderers who just missed League Championship honours won by Valletta only through the loss of two important league matches (against the Hibs and Valletta), made no mistake of the F.A. Trophy which they won in a determined manner. On the path to the final Sliema disposed of Hamrun by 3 goals to 1 after extra time, beat the new league champions Valletta by 3 goals to 0 and finally eliminated the present F.A. Trophy holders.

The match, which was fast and played in a determined style, was decided by two goals midway in both halves. First Sliema scored through Aquilina in the first half and then Cini made the issue safe for the Wanderers in the second half.

Amidst scenes of wild enthusiasm the Wanderers were carried shoulder high off the field and taken to their Club headquarters about a mile away in this manner together with dense crowds of supporters who followed them all the way and held up traffic.

The Wanderers, who have not won an important cup in the last three years and who have been one of the most important teams in the island, return to their pedestal of high honours which this year is even all the more important as today's win puts them automatically in the European Cup Winners Cup, the dream of all Sliema fans in the past years.

Sliema's winning team was made up of: Debono; Bonnici (J.), Aquilina (J.); Falzon, Bonnici (S.), Buttigieg; Cocks, Cini, Xuereb, Aquilina (E.) and Nicholl (S.) (Fitzgerald).

In the last couple of years the improvement shown by Maltese club teams in the two major European Cup competitions has been most marked and during 1963-64 the island's two representatives in the European Champions and European Cup Winners Cup should acquit themselves well allowing for the progress made by Malta in international soccer.

Hungary's outstanding team of the early fifties included goalkeeper Gyula Grosics, seen here pondering on a chess move. (Metelmann.)

COSTS MOUNT IN ENGLAND

Story by TOM JAGGER

Continued from page 18

divisions would probably tot up to over £40,000.

That would merely mean £1,000 for each of the lower clubs, but it would be a life-saver for some.

It would help pay summer wages just at a time when no money was coming in and folk were getting a little fed up of digging down.

Receipts

It's an idea I'm passing on for the League Management Committee to consider at its next meeting, and I sincerely hope they'll get down to it.

For, after all, people in the small towns are just as entitled to watch decent top-class soccer as those in the big centres.

But I'm ready to bet that if the clubs are asked to fork out there will be an almighty bleat.

Like in other walks of life, it's usually only the poor who help the poor.

The wealthy clubs are ever so willing to sign cheques for star players, and make the sky the limit when thinking of ground improvements.

But when it comes to doing a good neighbourly act it's a different kettle of fish.

Next season will doubtless see the gap between rich and poor widening even more and this can only end in the demise of the less fortunate of the poorer brethren.

No one wants to see clubs disappearing from the Football League soccer map, but if the trend continues there seems little alternative to the situation.

Everton goalkeeper Gordon West effects a daring save at the feet of Terry Wharton, Wolves winger. Both of these First Division clubs are enjoying relatively happy financial existences at the moment though Wolves attendances dropped considerably during 1962-63. (Prov. 1.)

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EUROPEAN CUP FINAL REPORT

by ERIC BATTY

—Continued from page 17

raid hit a tremendous volley that Ghezzi just managed to touch over the bar, and at the other end we saw a "mad moment" from Maldini when the Italian stopper carried the ball fifty yards upfield. Had Benfica scored because he was away from home he would have received the biggest fine ever handed out in Italy, but his pass went to Altafini who was offside. He scored, but of course this one was disallowed.

It wasn't a great match. Perhaps the tension was too great—perhaps neither team was ever prepared to attack with everything they had—but the 45,000 crowd which made Wembley less than half full had plenty of opportunity to see why British teams have never been successful in the European Cup. The difference in approach could be plainly seen in the small things. Caught with the ball in a bad situation every man afield could "play" his way out of trouble. Confident with the ball they rarely hammered it out of sight, as British players will do.

The game had its high spots, but generally, one was left with the conviction that Real Madrid of 1960 would have beaten either team with ease.

Italians will claim "Milan won because they deserved to" but my honest opinion is that Benfica lost because Mario Coluna was injured. The best player on view, he was the inspiration of the Portuguese and when he went their hopes of a three year reign at the top went with him.

Benfica: Costa Pereira; Cavem, Raul, Humberto, Cruz; Santana, Coluna; Jose Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.
AC Milan: Ghezzi; Maldini, David; Trapattoni, Trebbi, Pivatelli; Sani, Benitez, Altafini, Rivera, Mora.

Odd spot: The attendance of 45,000 was not the smallest for a match of this calibre at Wembley or the lowest for a European Cup Final but was the same size as recorded for the English Amateur Cup Final earlier in the month on the same ground.

It merely served to underline the apathy held in England for matches of this calibre in which "foreigners" are concerned!

It seems likely that the final of this competition will one day be on a home and away basis.

A DREAM THAT IS NO MORE

Southern Rhodesia has seen the collapse of its new League

NORMAN D. REICH reports

THE bubble has burst — now a soccer dream is no more. Multi-racial professional football in Southern Rhodesia has finally floundered and flopped.

The corner-stone members of the National League — Salisbury City and Salisbury United — have declared a loss of £25,000 and called it a day. Mr. Teddy Bridges (City) and Mr. Ken Fox (United) have released simultaneous statements announcing the winding up of their clubs.

With Bulawayo already out on their own, this leaves the National League a very meagre following.

United have decided to become an all European side while the Africans of both clubs will fulfil City's 1963 fixtures. Players will pay their own expenses and pool the slender returns.

The executive of the N.L. have already held an emergency meeting. It could have but one result — the 1963 campaign must be the League's last.

A sad ending then to something that could have been a wonderful asset to the multi-racial society of Southern Rhodesia. What went wrong? Who is to blame? Those are the type of questions, soccer followers in the Colony are now asking. At the risk of sticking my neck out and having it cut off, I will try and answer them. Those to blame will probably come up with the usual bleat of "it's easy to be wise afterwards". Perhaps they have a point, but still....

Firstly, I lay the blame firmly and squarely at the feet of the people who ran the venture from the top. Far too often in amateur soccer, the "big brass" are men with no experience and no qualifications to take on high soccer appointments. Too often, they are men who are more interested in the V.I.P. treatment at all games and the regular season tickets from the top clubs. There were of course exceptions, but as a rule, the men who got the top jobs in Southern Rhodesia's "pro" soccer set-up were of this clan.

Their outlook was stereotyped, narrow-visioned and most of all — "amateur". Those that thought "professional" were bogged down by the majority or frustrated by unrealistic, outdated constitutional procedure.

When paid football was first thrust upon Southern Rhodesia, it was by a sincere body of businessmen under the banner of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Football League. Clubs were rooted in all the major centres of the Federation — from the Copperbelt to Salisbury, from Bulawayo to Blantyre. Matches then had the inter-territorial flavour about them. While there was no flood to the turnstiles, the "gates" were reasonable. Losses were couped by all clubs but a start had been made.

Flavour

The basic idea of a Federation-wide competition appealed to many; there were also plans for extensions northwards and to the Portuguese possessions. Crowd appeal would have been further enhanced with the international flavour.

On reflection, it seems now as though the S.R.F.A. realised the extent to which the R.N.F.L. could profit from such a venture. They decided to clamber on to the bandwagon. The N.R.F.A. took a similar line with one basic and important difference. The northern body wished to wrest control from the R.N.F.L. in order that ultimately the Football Associations of the three territories of the Federation should unite under a Central African Football Association with its own paid league. This was N.R. chief Ernie Hayes's big dream. He was flouted in almost every way by the south association.

Every move made by the Southern Rhodesia Football Association now seems to fit into a pattern. They wanted complete control of this potential money spinner — if possible over the whole Federation. No Northern Rhodesian football fan is ever likely to forget the South's action while conducting negotiations to form the Central Africa umbrella body. They had secretly applied for affiliation to F.I.F.A. while the North was still affiliated to the F.A. in London. This would have meant that the S.R.F.A. would have been the only one of the three bodies affiliated to the world body at the time of the mooting of the umbrella association. F.I.F.A. recognises only one association in each member country and hence S. Rhodesia would have had the whip-hand in Central Africa.

Even when approached on this matter, S.R.F.A. men said they would under no circumstances relinquish their standing with the world association in the event of a C.A.F.A. being formed.

Only the diplomacy of Mr. Hayes prevented a complete collapse of North–South relations. There were calls for closer ties with states to the north and cold shoulder for Southern Rhodesia. Fortunately this did not materialise, but since, the S.R.F.A. has dug its own grave on this matter. I have pointed out the above to illustrate the S.R.F.A. intentions. They did not seem to make sense at the time; now they fall into place.

Well the S.R.F.A. managed to "freeze" the R.N.F.L. out at the start of season 1962. They took over the clubs in Southern Rhodesia and set their own S.R. National League going. At first, it was a novelty, and the crowds came. When the novelty wore off, they stayed away.

Again, Abraham Lincoln's age-old adage about fooling the public was proved right. Gates began to taper off, then they took the plunge and ended up in an avalanche of falling attendances. Clubs shot into the "red" and nothing was done. Finally the season ended with big debts all round.

The so-called soccer bosses of the S.R.N.L. never bothered to investigate what was missing from their set-up. Too often, they were round the conference table arguing on some technicality.

South of the Limpopo, down South Africa way, the paid game has been an immediate hit. Its popularity is phenomenal. Why has it gone to the top of the pops? Simply because it is truly professional football. It is not disguised amateur soccer.

In the Republic, the administrators think and act professional. They have enterprise and adventure as essential ingredients. It is

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Schoolboys in Kenya cut lines in the turf to mark out a pitch for themselves. (O.)

Could this be Pele with Prince Rainier (dark glasses) and English comedian Benny Hill (fancy dress)? Unfortunately no. Pele it is but the dark suited gentleman is not known and the other chap is a Vatican Guard in Rome. (Planet.)

BRAZIL'S TOUR MEANING

Post-Mortem on the Latin visit by ERIC BATTY

WHEN the Brazilians come to Europe it is inevitable that the press and public look upon the tour as the event of the year, and wherever they go, and whoever they bring it follows first that they will be regarded as the World Champions and second that a very high standard as befits their standing as the number one soccer power will be expected from them.

In fact, however, neither of these conditions were fulfilled — and were probably never meant to be, for the Brazilians' ruling body, the Confederacao Brasileiro de Desportes sent their squad out with very limited objectives.

To start with the CBD has to pay the Brazilian clubs for the services of the chosen players. This applies equally to tours similar to that just undertaken and the World Cup bids, and it is only in Europe that really big money can now be made. Grossing approximately £100,000 from their tour, the Brazilians will be left with a nice balance to help pay for next year's programme which will be confined to South America, where with almost every country having a balance of payments problem there's little in the way of ready cash to be made.

The second objective — to sort out the players with star qualities from those that look good in favourable conditions but are unlikely to be at their best when it really counts, was also achieved — and without any doubt whatsoever the CBD will be well satisfied.

The Brazilian public, unaccustomed to defeat, were horror-stricken that "Brasil" should be so roughly treated in the Old World, and pandering to the popular view Rio papers produced headlines like "Brazil, come home". Admittedly, the CBD were far from happy to be beaten by Portugal and Holland, two of Europe's lesser lights, and like the fans they were shattered that Belgium should hammer them 5-1, but they were well aware that a few defeats now was the price that had to be paid for success in 1966, and they paid it, however grudgingly.

Seven years ago, in very similar circumstances the Brazilians made their last comprehensive tour of Europe, and to get the whole thing in perspective it is necessary to reflect on what they achieved in 1956. At that time England beat Brazil at Wembley, where only Djalma Santos at right-back really looked comfortable; Czechoslovakia held them to 0-0, the Swiss drew 1-1, and Austria already beginning to lose their grip by then were beaten 3-2.

Clearly the 1956 trip was not a success in the results sense, but again I stress it was never meant to be!

Coming back up to date, I feel that the tourists sustained only two real reverses. Against Holland they fielded one of their weaker teams, in Lisbon they had allowed themselves only a few hours in Europe before commencing to play and in each case they lost by only 1-0. On the credit side, Pelé in one of his inspired moods produced three goals to shatter France, Pelé again and his "twin", Coutinho, scored the goals that beat West Germany, and the defence stood up well to draw at Wembley.

Stressing again that results were of minor importance, I feel that only Belgium and Italy really surprised the CBD, and if we go back seven years we find that not only did Italy beat the tourists then, but in the same stadium and by exactly the same score! In spite of this, Brazil went on to win the World Cup while the Italians failed to reach Sweden!

Tourists

Of the players that made the 1956 trip, many were never heard of again. Larry, Gino, Escurinho, Canhoteira, Roberto, Paulinho and Sabara to name just a few but from that tour Didi, Djalma Santos, Gilmar, Nilton Santos all emerged as stars, the men around whom the successful World Cup bid was built two years later. The 1963 trip served much the same purpose — sorting out the men from the boys — and before the party left Brazil, Vicente Feola made it plain that the tour was to be an experiment. "If we wanted to win all our matches we would take the 1962 team *en bloc*," he said. It could not have been plainer.

For the Cariocas and Paulistas to be upset over the apparent failures in Europe there is no excuse. They were warned, as we in Europe should have been by Brazil's disastrous outing against Argentina in Sao Paulo only a week before they played in Lisbon, Argentina, a new and practically unknown Argentina, won 3-2 against the squad that came to Europe — Brazil's first home defeat since 1957. If the CBD were seeking prestige they would have included a few more old heads even at that late stage, but they didn't, and I applaud their dedication.

Now with the tour over, we can take stock of the situation, and judge whether or not the Brazilians' plans for 1966 are well advanced or whether they still have to find the nucleus of a team to replace the old guard. My personal feelings are mixed, for having seen the young Santos F.C. troupe two years ago and been greatly impressed, it was inevitable that I should be disappointed by the failure of Coutinho, and Dorval. On the other hand the new rearguard which developed on the tour, looks more than useful, and as they showed against England, Lima (twenty-one), Eduardo (twenty), Diaz (twenty) and Rildo (twenty-one) could do very nicely.

This match against England was perhaps the mean of the entire trip, for including the games with Egypt (U.A.R.) and Israel, Brazil won four, lost four and drew one. I wouldn't, however, stress the results side of the trip too strongly for the opposition varied just as much as the composition of the Brazilian squad, and I take the England match as a guide simply because it endorses my overall view, i.e., that defensively the new "Brasil" came out well; that in midfield they were disappointing, and that in attack they

DON'T RULE THE BRAZILIANS OUT OF THE 1966 WORLD CUP

failed hopelessly. Gilmar in goal was masterly, the one player who really impressed with his calm authority, and after Amarildo was withdrawn shortly before the interval the only man afield who helped win the World Cup last year.

He was beaten twice, by the same kind of ball that has always plagued even the greatest 'keepers, the ball that dips behind them. They must go out to narrow the angle or to cut off a centre, and when helped by the wind, or lacking power the cross or shot suddenly drops they are caught out in no man's land helpless. Charlton's header that rebounded off a post was one example — though Lima should also be faulted for leaving Charlton a clear path to goal, and Gilmar's other lapse was cleared from under the bar by Rildo, with Douglas looking on and appealing that it was a goal.

Gilmar, of course, will do, but in 1966 he will be only a few days away from his thirty-sixth birthday, and the CBD may be well advised to replace him if they can. The question is can they?

The wall of four thrown up before Gilmar — Lima, Eduardo, Diaz and Rildo — looked good to me, and though lacking the confidence and ball skill of Djalma and Nilton Santos, this could come with experience and confidence. Disciplined and well drilled considering three of them were making their international débuts on the tour, they will probably be retained, though queries must be put against their rivals Mauro, Claudio and Altair.

In the midfield role (*meia de ligacao*) both Gerson and Mengalvio showed promise without ever really being able to take command, and the latter particularly failed to show any understanding of the game. To link effectively they should have been prepared to open the game, as Didi did with long curling passes that swung deceptively yet magically dropped in the right places. Mengalvio, who is only twenty-four, might well make it, if he can acquire a larger sense of purpose and control his urge to retain possession and simply exchange short passes with unhampered team-mates.

Failed

My impression was that Zito and Zequinha were included not with a view to inclusion in the squad for 1966 but merely to add experience in midfield, where it counts most, just for the tour, and in this they both failed. Zito we know can be great, and though there was considerable doubt about his fitness he failed to exert the influence required, while Zequinha is probably not up to par anyway. The greatest failures, of course, were in attack, and this raises a serious doubt about Brazil being swamped with brilliant young ball jugglers, as is believed by many people. I myself can be included among this group, though on the evidence put forward on tour, either we are wrong or the selectors used their powers unwisely. Nei (or Ney), Quarentinha, Amarildo and Marcos were all tried and all failed, and personally I doubt if we shall see them again wearing yellow and green in Europe. Essentially they are all finishers, goalsnatchers, who like several popular English forward "stars", are dependent on the skill of others to clear the way to goal, and left to find their own way, they attempted to go through alone ... and flopped.

Given better support any one of them might well come back in '66, for as we saw from Amarildo in Chile, he looked good in better company, and the others might well respond to the right kind of prompting from behind just as he did. For the moment, however, they must all be considered doubtful.

This leaves the Santos quartette, Pelé, Pepe, Coutinho and Dorval — the last named still eighteen, Coutinho nineteen and Pelé only twenty-two. Pepe, the veteran, has never been a class player, packing only a tremendous shot that he produced once at Wembley, and though prepared to drop back and help out in midfield, unintelligent and lacking the finer touches with the ball, as well as the extra yard in pace. Dorval I know can do better, and should Garrincha not settle his personal problems I feel it is likely we shall see him again, though much improved.

Coutinho was a great disappointment to me for tubbier and certainly slower despite his youth, all the fire has gone. He was seldom given the chance to let go with his fierce shot, and never given a clear run to goal, but the biggest doubt about his future appears to be his health. Overweight, according to rumour, because he was advised to ease up on training, and while the medical men have apparently failed to agree thus far, it is said he has a heart condition that could force a premature retirement.

Finally Pelé, the "black devil" still plagued by the knee injury that has dogged him for the last eighteen months, but undisputably the outstanding player in the world. In truth he should probably not have come to Europe, for an operation or a long and complete rest (according to medical advice) must be accepted at some time before he can re-assert himself. Santos will not like either decision, though clearly they have more at stake in the long run than anyone else, and I fancy the Pelé will step down for a while, probably after the Santos tour which follows that of the national team.

In summary, both the CBD's objectives have been achieved, yet while no doubt, well pleased with the financial aspect they will be considerably less happy about the failures of many players to live up to the high hopes pinned on them.

Confirm

In the realm of tactics and strategy there is little to be learned from the tour except that it serves to confirm my view that in the Brazilian sense 4-2-4 is not an overall system but merely a means of stabilising the rearguard. In attack they have clearly made no attempt to set up an organised approach, except to bring back the inside-right to plug the gap left on the left flank in midfield.

In attack, they depend as they always did on individual brilliance. Perhaps it would be unwise to attempt to impose a method on Brazilian forwards; maybe their coaches have not yet acquired the ability to do so, or more likely the players themselves are so completely natural that they would be unable to adapt themselves. Whatever the reason, they have no system up front.

This raises the most serious doubts about Brazilian prospects for 1966, for without Garrincha and Pelé, who can utterly

● *Continued on page 33*

Heaviest defeat suffered by Brazil during their tour of Europe and the Near East was the 5-1 reverse in Brussels against Belgium. Here Van Himst scores the second Belgian goal. (Central.)

FACING THE FUTURE WITH SOME FAITH

by ROGER MACDONALD

ON Sunday, April 28, a partially-fit Pelé recovered some of his country's declining prestige by scoring a hat-trick against France at Paris. At the same time he pricked a small bubble of pride among Frenchmen who believed that French football was on the upgrade once more. Despite the decisive victory over England, the future is still uncertain. Reims have concluded their worst season for years and the national side is muddling through a period reckoned by many old campaigners as the worst in their history.

The torrent of disastrous performances has many sources. They stem first of all from the tragic death on March 3, 1959, of Paul Nicholas, the man behind the magnificent French team of the 1958 World Cup. They stem also from a remarkable series of misfortunes that have beset the great inside-forward trio of Fontaine, Kopa and Piantoni.

Fontaine possessed that glorious knack of the younger Greaves of being in exactly the right place at exactly the right time. He was the *cannonier*, the sharpshooter. The obsession with defence was not so obvious in Sweden, but Just Fontaine's personal tally of thirteen goals still seemed remarkable. He was in the kind of form that permitted him to swing his foot at the ball — dead, rolling, or airborne — with the knowledge that a perfect connection was an almost absolute certainty. He never possessed the phenomenal velocity of Charlton, but few other players I have seen could aim with such precision under pressure. It was a tragedy for France when Fontaine broke his leg twice and gave up football.

Roger Piantoni was the other inside-forward during this memorable campaign. He, too, was capable of goals, but his most vital role was forging a link between Fontaine and Kopa. Often these three created a staggering multiplication of short passes without an opponent touching the ball, after Piantoni's subtle movement off the ball had opened a breach in the defence. Kopa provided the ammunition and Fontaine the propulsion, to take the lion's share of the glory; but it was the shadowy figure in the background who allowed Kopa room to display his mastery in precision passing. Now he has gone; there is no place for a man with an arthritic knee.

I do not underestimate Raymond Kopa, but his sojourn in Madrid, his ankle injury, and his family misfortunes have limited his value as a member of the national side. Although a great player, he has tended, like one or two other stars, to be carried away by his own brilliance. It is generally agreed that a Stanley Matthews passing the ball proved to be more dangerous than a Stanley Matthews turning a series of defenders into unwilling contortionists. So it is with Kopa. His ball control is exemplary, but has tended to excess. His nagging ankle injury was perhaps aggravated this way. There is a world of difference between a Kopa prepared to take complete responsibility for the balance of the French side, as he was against England at Sheffield, and a Kopa obstinately dribbling around a series of Hungarian *attackers*, as he did in the 3-2 defeat at Paris.

Of course, one must not forget that the moods of Kopa are partially the result of an understandable anxiety neurosis. It is a grim and terrible thing to know that one's son is dying slowly from an incurable disease, and Raymond Kopa knew that. He spent years trying to save him and failed. Now that his son is beyond all aid we may hope, perhaps, to see a flicker of Kopa's brilliance again. But bitter memories fade slowly and Raymond is already thirty-one, too old, one fears, to play a key part in the future of French football.

Beyond

I have deliberately dwelt at length on the three musketeers of Reims because they were the spirit of club and country during the great swashbuckling era. The rise and fall of Stade de Reims is more or less paralleled by that of France herself. It is no accident that five *Reimois* — Jonquet, Kopa, Vincent, Piantoni and Penverne — appear among the top ten players capped by France. It is no accident that Albert Batteaux, manager/coach of Reims, trained the French side for seven years.

But now this must change. Reims can no longer provide a nucleus for France. Jean Wendling and Bruno Rodzik are competent full-backs, but where are the players to fill key places at half-back and forward? There is a big question-mark on Kopa; Jean Vincent, once among the best wingers in Europe, is a rising thirty-two; Paul Sauvage has yet to establish himself as his successor.

This state of affairs has caused the new French coach, Henri Guérin, to discard the close-passing, arrowhead formation in favour of a fluid 4-2-4 system. Guérin, aged forty-two, a former Rennes and Stade Francais footballer, spent several years coaching the "B" and "Under-23" international sides. The sight of France sinking into near-oblivion as a football power, through using a system that required players of a greater ability than were available, has convinced him that a 4-2-4 line-up, requiring, as it does, a rapid inter-change of positions, is the best possible one for a French side woefully short of world-class players.

It remains to be seen whether he is right. The key men in mid-field, left-half Herbin (St. Etienne) and inside-right Bonnel (Valenciennes) played well against England, but disappointingly against Hungary and Brazil. Bonnel spent so much time combating the twin menace of Albert and Tichy that the rest of his forwards were barely in shouting distance. Herbin and Bonnel both contributed to the "stop-Pelé-at-all-costs" plan, and the French attack spluttered along in a low gear. Pelé still managed to score three goals. A system is no use at all unless you have faith in it.

Guérin has nevertheless checked the sinking morale of the national side. Georges Verriest, *sélectionneur*, overcame a period of mistrust and dejection among the international players and is now very popular. The tug-of-war for power between Federation and League has been suspended by the appointment in March, 1962, of Marcel Langiller as League adviser to Verriest. Langiller has the interests of France at heart

Pelé (right) watches as French defenders Rodzik and Maryan combine to clear a dangerous Brazilian attack. (Central.)

Lyons goalkeeper Aubour makes a desperate dive to clear a shot from a Stade Francais forward who nevertheless subsequently succeeded in scoring the only goal of the game. (Planet.)

and he is anxious that their future shall not be jeopardised by a clash of interest in the governing body.

But no amount of goodwill can produce good players if none are to be found. France still has a very ordinary team. The full-backs play well together but are not outstanding individually; it is perhaps unfair to criticise right-half Maryan Synakovski on the strength of a few matches, but he has always looked an unimaginative player. It is too early to decide whether twenty-four-year-old Robert Herbin, one of two promising wing-halves at St. Etienne (Ferrier is the other), can establish himself in this key position.

Goalkeeper Pierre Bernard lost his place to Georges Carnus (Stade Francais) for the match against Brazil. This may surprise some readers, as Bernard's performance on February 27 was in marked contrast to that of Springett at the other end — indeed, but for his brilliant saves at the beginning of the game, England might have taken a decisive lead. However, Bernard is growing old and Carnus, not yet twenty-three, is a brilliant goalkeeper and a worthy successor. It is perhaps unfortunate that Bernard should lose his place after saving France from humiliation in so many recent matches, but the French will need two experienced goalkeepers before they can be happy about their prospects in major competitions.

Bonnel, in company with Masnaghetti and Piumi, has come to the fore as an outstanding player in an improving League side at Valenciennes. He seems unsure of his role in the French team, trying to be everywhere at once and nowhere in particular.

Young Fleury Di Nallo also attracted the attention of the *sélectionneur* through his goalscoring feats at Lyon F.C. He scored a great goal on his début against Hungary despite the close attention of no less than three defenders. Then, alas, the publicity proved too much for him and he was reduced to the ranks after a series of mediocre League matches. England can feel thankful that he was out of harm's way on that Wednesday evening. Di Nallo is still learning what to do on the international field, but he is learning fast. His return to the side versus Brazil brought another goal — and goals are what France desperately need. Di Nallo may not be another Pelé or Di Stefano, but he is going to be good just the same.

Potential

The regular right-winger is Maryan Wisnieski, who richly deserves his thirty-two caps for France. A superb ball-player, he has speed and control equal to the best in Europe. Two goals against England, and another against Brazil, emphasise his scoring potential. On the other flank two Monagasques, Douis and Cossou, form a useful partnership. Cossou, despite his lack of international appearances, is a remarkable player with an eye for the open space and the ability to dictate the pace of the game. He is perhaps wasted on the wing, but France has none better.

Last, but by no means least, is André Lerond, captain and centre-half. Aged thirty-two, a regular member of the French side since 1957, he may prove too old to play a part in future international tournaments. An unassuming, thoughtful and popular captain, Lerond has if anything improved as the result of the extra responsibility bestowed upon him in November, 1961. The team has confidence in him as a man and a player.

Captains and coaches can only contribute towards a high morale: they cannot create it. In the final analysis the confidence that arises from playing together and winning matches is what really counts.

The Shell sports centre at Reuil, six miles from Paris, helps to provide the club spirit. Here, since 1949, France have lived and trained in attractive surroundings. The amenities include facilities for every conceivable sport except cricket, a club-house with twenty bedrooms, a bar, a vast dining room and even a cinema. As far as I know, there is no gymnasium comparable to the one at Lilleshall, but nothing else is lacking. When League commitments permit, the *Club France* becomes a reality.

It only remains to find a winning team — easier said than done. Of the present side, only Wisnieski is outstanding. Wendling, Lerond, Rodzik and Cossou can be very good; Bonnel will do; Carnus and Di Nallo promise much. But France needs more players of the type Reims has produced in the past but seems unable to do so now.

Henri Guérin believes it is time to introduce youth into the *Club France*; André Lerond says that when it is time for him to relinquish his place he will do so without bitterness; Georges Verriest aims to watch every player between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five, and especially the talented teenagers. There is no apathy or self-interest among the leaders. Georges Boulogne, who manages the "B" and "Under-23" teams, sees great potential among the youth. He names Aubur, Bosquier, Desgeorges, Glunot, Loubet and Prigent as stars of tomorrow, perhaps even literally so.

The *Club France* is well-led and well-housed; in time it may also be well-stocked with new blood. France are looking for a star. They may have a lack of great players, but they have no lack of faith. They *are* facing the future.

CURRENT INTERNATIONALS IN FRANCE

The Men in Possession

Name	Club	Pos.	Age	Caps
GEORGES CARNUS	Stade Francais	G	22	1
BRUNO RODZIK	Reims	RB	28	18
ANDRE CHORDA	Bordeaux	LB	25	5
MARYAN SYNAKOVSKI	Sedan	RH	27	10
ANDRE LEROND	Stade Francais	CH	32	30
ROBERT HERBIN	Saint-Etienne	LH	24	4
MARYAN WISNIESKI	Lens	OR	26	32
JOSEPH BONNEL	Valenciennes	IR	24	6
YVON DOUIS	Monaco	CF	28	15
FLEURY DI NALLO	Lyon	IL	20	2
LUCIEN COSSOU	Monaco	OL	27	3

The Challengers

PIERRE BERNARD	Nimes	G	31	13
JEAN TAILLANDIER	R.C. Paris	G	25	3
JEAN WENDLING	Reims	RB	29	25
RENE FERRIER	Saint-Etienne	HB	26	20
EDOUARD STAKO	Stade Francais	LH	29	2
ROLAND GUILLAS	Grenoble	OR	26	9
GUY VAN SAM	R.C. Paris	IR	27	3
YVON GOUJON	Rennes	CF	26	8
RAYMOND KOPA	Reims	CF	31	45
FRANCOIS HEUITE	R.C. Paris	IL	25	9
PAUL SAUVAGE	Reims	OL	23	5

THE FRENCH INTERNATIONAL RECORD

(May, 1904 to May, 1963)

Played 280, Won 98, Drawn 44, Lost 138, Goals For 517, Goals Against 700

IAN McCOLL IS A KEY FIGURE IN SCOTS CURRENT IMPROVEMENT

CONSCIENTIOUS APPROACH PROVES THE ANSWER

SCOTTISH VIEWPOINT
by
JOHN STONE

SCOTTISH football, through its governing body, the S.F.A., can continue regaining lost status at world level simply by issuing a two-word statement on June 30. "McColl continues" is all the game's top brass in Scotland need say to satisfy supporters and players alike, for thirty-five-year-old Ian McColl has done more in his short term as manager of the National team in which he once played than either Matt Busby or Andy Beattie was able to do before him.

Not for a minute do I suggest that Busby or Beattie were failures: only that McColl, since he took over, has justified every one of the thousands of miles he has travelled watching players in grounds as far distant as Highbury and Hamilton, Goodison Park and Greenock.

Ian McColl, a magnificent club man while with Glasgow Rangers, has brought the same conscientious approach to management at international level that he brought out on to the Ibrox pitch with him whether the game was vital to Scotland's First Division championship, or he was merely acting as the father figure in the Ibrox reserve side.

McColl's playing career was one of success unlimited. His managerial feats so far have been similar.

It was indeed a moment worthy of going down in large black type when the S.F.A. announced, in October 1960, that McColl had been appointed to the Scotland team manager's job — a man young enough, at thirty-three, to *know* the players he was dealing with personally, having played with and against most of them up until only a few months before.

Selectorial

Now, at thirty-five and after two-and-a-half years in control, McColl is established. He has done more for Scotland than any of the selectorial seven, or any of the players who have turned out in the last thirty months.

Why? *Because* he has the respect of selectors and players, and has built not just an established Scotland team, certainly the finest in the four Home Countries, but also a team spirit which, I have no qualms about saying, was often near-non-existent in times gone by.

The Scottish game was going through a "Dark Ages" period when McColl took hold of the reins. He was unable to shake the game out of its depressed state immediately; indeed, he had to suffer the ignominity of addressing a Scotland side whipped 9-3 by England in the Wembley dressing room on April 15, 1961, and what he must have said to the players — and thought to himself — is anybody's idea.

The Thames, a gas oven or perhaps an overdose of sleeping tablets.... He would have been forgiven had his thoughts strayed in any of these three directions.

Typical of his almost dour, Scottish qualities, however, the oft-capped former Rangers right-half would not bow down to adversity.

He set about then and there to pull Scotland's international team up by its football boot laces. There would never be a repetition if he could help it, he vowed.

There hasn't been!

Instead, under his careful guidance, Scotland is fast emerging as a very real European hope for the World Cup series in 1966. Not that McColl boasts idly about it, but having seen how he handles pre-match preparations I cannot help but detect a quiet confidence in "Mr. Undemonstrative".

As the Press goes, he is not unco-operative, but must be prompted into giving his opinions. He is loyalty personified as far as his players go. For them, he would do anything and he expects this attitude to work both ways.

Victories in successive seasons over England, at Hampden and, recently, at Wembley, plus of course two British Championships for the first time in who knows how long, must be credited to McColl's guiding genius.

Patience

He is an educated type as football managers go, a civil engineer by trade with interests, also, in the garage business. To neither does he give the time, however, or the patience that he does to Scottish football.

When the S.F.A. meet on June 30, McColl's contract is due to be renewed. In the light of what he has achieved since taking on a job many people would have shied well clear of had it been offered them, McColl deserves to continue in office.

For what he is likely to achieve in the next few years, he MUST be kept on. At any price!

His handling of the Austrian fiasco, that unfortunate seventy-eight minutes at Hampden Park when Referee Finney felt matters had developed to such a shocking state that it was no longer safe for play to continue, was also indicative of the never-flamboyant McColl.

I well remember, too, a couple of years ago, the time the Scotland team came to Kilmarnock's Rugby Park ground to prepare for an international at Hampden Park.

Arrived

A battery of Press "wallahs" descended in all pomposity on the Ayrshire ground only to discover that the team had not arrived. Scotland's sporting aristocracy were not happy: McColl, the new boy, had inadvertently displeased.

To have studied the change in this same group when he did get down to business with the players was, however, quite eye-opening.

Continued on facing page

Scotland's match with Austria was abandoned eleven minutes from the end with the Scots leading 4-1. Two Austrians received their marching orders earlier. In this picture the Austrian goalkeeper Frayd! clears a Scottish attack. (M.P.I.)

Norman D. Reich continues the story of the collapse of the Southern Rhodesian multi-racial league . . .

Continued from page 25

sad to note that those who should be blessed with these qualities in Southern Rhodesia are sadly lacking in them.

After all, the "pro" soccer official is a commercial man. He must be able to make snap decisions and act on them. Not so, the S.R.N.L. men. Every change or amendment had to be discussed and analysed and voted on three or four times, and even then shakily executed.

When the S.R.F.A. took over the League and restricted it to the Colony, they took the heart out of its appeal. It is so often said in South Africa that the success of the National Football League there is due in no small measure to the inter-provincial flavour of the early games. A parallel with Southern and Northern Rhodesia can be drawn here. Transvaal and Natal clubs rarely played against each other before professional soccer came. The rivalry swelled the gates. The same is true for the Rhodesians. Had the rivalry between the two territories been allowed to take root, the League would not lie in ruins today.

The indifference with which the men responsible for staging the matches went about their tasks had to be seen to be believed. With almost no care for the spectator, a ground would be booked. One game would be at Glamis Stadium, the next at Raylton and the next at another venue.

Atmosphere

To play club matches at Glamis is like putting on a Fourth Division game between Hartlepools and Bradford City at Wembley. While Glamis does not compare with Wembley in seating and playing pitch, it is large enough to give the spectators a forlorn atmosphere. The ground is difficult to reach and seats about twenty times as many spectators as usually turned up. Stone seats hewn out of earthen embankments is not either the average spectator's idea of comfort.

Raylton is one of the most uncomfortable stadiums imaginable. Its playing pitch so often degenerates into the proverbial cabbage patch that the standard of soccer so often falls off towards the end of a match.

Regular supporters were certainly not encouraged by the continual chopping and changing of venues. How much better would it have been to rent small grounds, erect accommodation for about 2,500 to 5,000 spectators and develop a "homely" atmosphere. It would certainly have been a sounder investment than renting Glamis or Raylton every week.

Publicity seeking for games was almost nil. The Press was sometimes even treated with apathy. There were no big build-up campaigns before big games, no advertising drives.

Prepared

The League matches were played in the same old amateur spirit. Reserve teams would amuse the crowd in preparation for the big match. Nothing else would be laid on for their entertainment. Gimmicks were frowned upon. But it was gimmicks that packed the grounds in South Africa. I remember an occasion when a famous South African golfer drove golf balls into the crowd. Those that caught them had a chance of taking a penalty kick against one or other of the two first team goalkeepers for the afternoon's match. If he scored, a big prize was his. It was this sort of entertainment that steered the public from the racecourses and cinemas into the soccer grounds.

It would have done the same in S. Rhodesia, if only the men who mattered had put spectator appeal into their matches.

Salisbury, Bulawayo and the Midland centres are all blessed with fine school bands. How much would it have cost the officials to invite one of them to play at intervals? A few free tickets for the game for students of the school would have been all that would have been necessary.

On the subject of schools; special stands should have been erected to accommodate scholars and Africans at cut prices. These should have been filled at any price — even at that of giving them away. Such would have been a way of injecting the much needed atmosphere into the crowd. Curtain-raisers between school and youth teams would have helped.

Beauty contests and floodlight football are other ways of coaxing the public through the gates. Officials argued that the public comes to watch soccer, not such displays. Their answer is in the crippled remains of the League.

The vast reservoir of African potential was almost completely ignored. They were treated with a "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude. The average African earns less than a quarter of the wage of his European counterpart. He cannot afford 2s. 6d. to 5s. to watch a match. Add to that the fact that there was no transport facilities and he shrugs his shoulders and goes to watch the township team in action.

I cannot help but reflect on what might have been had the commercially-minded R.N.F.L. been allowed to get on with their project. Like the National Football League of South Africa, they were business men who would eventually have seen their investments made good.

Introduce

Up in Northern Rhodesia, the position is very much more secure. The National League there is established and beginning to prosper. Compromise and consolidate has been the keynote of the N.R.F.A. line. They, too, however, should introduce more enterprise. Sunday morning matches should be tried, especially for those games involving lengthy travel. One or two competitions like those for clean play and neatness in South Africa, would go down well.

Let Northern Rhodesia learn from the mistakes of her southern neighbours and something may yet be salvaged from this Rhodesian dream.

SCOTTISH VIEWPOINT

Concluded from facing page

McColl, in his own methodical, unspectacular way, won them over with sheer competence just as he has done with every player to come into his care.

If he has had a disappointment since his appointment — forgetting, of course, the very obvious elimination by Czechoslovakia in the last World Cup series only after a play-off on the Continent — it is that he does not get sufficient opportunity to see Scotland Under-23 stars in action.

"We don't have enough of these international matches for young players," says Mr. McColl — a man who feels that, like in all other professions, young footballers should learn their craft before being given the journeyman's job to do.

He has his own ideas on many aspects of Scottish football. He has already tried them out with successful results. So much so that, come June 30, the S.F.A. must allow him to continue.

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MIGRANTS DISPLEASED

AUSTRALIAN ROUND-UP from JACK TALBOT

ENGLISH migrants in Sydney have been highly critical of the standard of soccer in Australia. Writers of letters to the newspapers have criticised "exhorbitant charges" ("Why should I pay six shillings to see a game here when in England I could enjoy the brilliance of Spurs and Arsenal for two shillings?"), and the "over-glamorised imports from Greece and Yugoslavia after a lifetime of pleasure seeing Jimmy Greaves and company in action".

Brawls among the spectators have been criticised, and the absence of good, talented local players "instead of third-rate men from Britain and Europe".

Yugal club is expecting the early arrival of International Todor Veselinovic, who played in the 1958 World Cup series and has won forty-two International caps for Yugoslavia. Canterbury–Marrickville has signed on John Galambos and Jim McCann for an estimated £1,100.

Former Hakoah president, Mr. Wal Sternberg, left Sydney last month on a world trip during which he will scout for players.

Eric Holder, English star amateur, who in his first match with Hakoah scored two of the team's three goals in its draw with Gladesville, quickly announced that he intended to turn professional. Peter Price scored all three for Gladesville. A Scot from Ayr, he was previously with Albion Rovers.

Uruguay and Argentina want to send Soccer teams to tour Australia at the end of this year. Uruguay wants to send its national team on a nation-wide tour, and Argentina wants to send a leading club to play a series of matches in Australian state capitals.

Prague (Australia) players limber up before a match. Left to right, Erwin Ninaus, Andy Sagi, Walter Tamandl and Steve Dekany. Ninaus, Sagi and Tamandl are all former F.K. Austria players from Vienna. (O.)

BACKING YOUR HUNCH UP by COLIN McALPIN

IRISH NEWS—*Continued from page 9*

aine's Sammy Walker, a representative at the meeting, "and this is the only way to do it. These games will give Irish League players a greater incentive to move forward to full International honours."

The Irish League lost heavily on the Italian League venture and there are fears that these proposed games would be too much for the already poorly-off Irish. Perhaps that is a dangerous proposition but we must get more games from the Continent. I'm not really surprised that the game failed to draw crowds. After all it was the Italian semi-professionals and not a full strength team of Italians. Think of a League with big-time names in it, would you turn out to see them? Think of a Spanish League side, would you turn out for them? I think you would, but only to see top names and a good game.

Enough of troubles. At Seaview the end of an era has come. Arthur "Mousey" Brady has been sacked by Crusaders. Thirty-four-year-old Brady has been the man of the Crues attack for many years and was due to get a benefit from the Shore Roaders next season. I think he has been hard done by and I hope Crusaders will relent and help him. Larne, the "B" Division team, have snapped him up and, although time will tell, their gain is Crusaders' loss.

Another era has drawn to a close but it is an era affecting the whole of Northern Irish soccer. Jimmy Jones, for so long the terror of defences, has given up playing. Signed at the end of last season — actually the previous season for by the time you read this the present season will be over — by Portadown from Glenavon, Jones probably knowing he was at the end of a fine career, did not fit in at all at Shamrock Park. He has now packed up the game that saw him go from Belfast Celtic after they quit football (how long ago all that seems) to Fulham and Glenavon. I hope he finds plenty of memories to keep him happy. He may not have been liked by all but he was a character and, like Brady, that is what we could do with now.

Relating

Back to the League table. People who read *Soccer Star* will know I have a great weakness for figures. In case you have not realised then I wish to finish this month's article by looking at figures relating to the League competition.

As I said in a recent *Soccer Star*, Linfield, who are leading at the time of writing, have held on to their place with the lowest number of goals-for of any of the top five clubs. They have scored only thirty-eight goals while Portadown, Glentoran, Distillery and Ballymena (below them in that order) have scored forty-five, forty-eight, fifty and forty-one.

Only five clubs have scored less goals and they are (again in order in the table) Coleraine thirty-four, Derry City thirty-four, Ards thirty, Cliftonville twenty-four and Bangor twenty-one.

Crusaders and Glenavon (seventh and eighth in the League) have scored forty-seven and forty-four goals, almost twice as many.

Needless to say, Linfield have a much better defensive record, conceding only twenty goals. Their nearest rivals are Portadown with twenty-five. Bangor, again at the bottom, have conceded sixty-two.

Figures make up football and I always find them fascinating.

Next month I hope to give a complete review of the past season with a list of the trophy winners and runners-up.

Late Flash: Distillery are the Irish League champions for 1962-63. In one of the most fantastic games I have watched for years they smashed Linfield 4-2 in the deciding match to take their first title win since the early years of this century — 1903 to be exact.

This game was the end of a long and close race in which, at any time during the season, either team could have gained entry to the European Cup. For months, Linfield just managed to hold off the Whites and not until the last week of the season did it look as if Distillery might take the Gibson Cup for the championship. They had to beat Bangor to bring them level with Linfield which they did.

Both teams went into this last game level on points and from the start it was obvious the game was going to be one of excitement and temper all the way through.

Some International top six clubs in Europe

HOLLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Phillips	28	38
Ajax	28	37
Sparta	28	35
Feyenoord	28	35
Enschede	28	33
Utrecht	28	31

AUSTRIA

	Pld.	Pts.
Austria	24	38
Admira	24	32
WSK	24	29
Rapid	24	28
LASK	24	27
Vienna	24	23

FRANCE

	Pld.	Pts.
Monaco	38	50
Reims	38	47
Sedan	38	46
Bordeaux	38	45
Nimes	38	42
Toulouse	38	42

HUNGARY

	Pld.	Pts.
Ferencvaros	21	28
MTK	22	28
Dozsa	22	27
Honved	22	26
Dorog	22	25
Gyor	22	24

SWITZERLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Zurich	25	42
Lausanne	25	38
Young Boys	25	31
Chaux	25	30
Servette	25	26
Grasph.	25	25

YUGOSLAVIA

	Pld.	Pts.
Partizan	25	39
Dynamo	25	35
Eisenb.	25	29
Velez	25	28
OFK	25	26
Stern	25	24

BELGIUM

	Pld.	Pts.
Standard	29	42
Antwerp	29	38
Anderlecht	29	36
Gent	29	33
Daring	29	32
Truiden	29	31

ENGLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Everton	42	61
Tottenham	42	55
Burnley	42	53
Leicester	42	52
Wolves	42	50
Sheffield Wed.	42	48

SCOTLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Rangers	34	57
Kilmarnock	34	48
Partick	34	46
Celtic	34	44
Hearts	34	43
Dundee United	34	41

GREECE

	Pld.	Pts.
Panathinaikos	28	73
AEK	28	71
Olympiakos	28	70
Paok	28	62
Ethnikos	28	59
Iraklis	28	58

ITALY

	Pld.	Pts.
Inter. Milan	34	49
Juventus	34	45
Milan	34	43
Bologna	34	42
Roma	34	40
Fiorentina	34	38

Two Cuban goalkeepers, Solis and Santiago, enter the field waving a Brazilian flag followed by their colleagues of the Cuban Champion Club. (Keystone I.)

BRAZIL POST-MORTEM

● *Continued from page 27*

demoralise any defence literally single-handed, they were completely lost. Nowhere could we see any attempt at combined play, and rarely did any of the forwards move into support positions close to the man in possession. They did it, or tried to do it in mid-field, but in the enemy half, they were each content to stand and watch while a colleague tried to battle through alone, and then when their turn came attempted to do better.

Colleagues

Neither Pelé nor Garrincha is a real organiser from the mould of Di Stefano, Puskas, Coluna or Schiaffino, but what they do is seek the ball, and commanding the respect of their colleagues they get it. Then with an individual burst of brilliance they ease their way past one or two opponents, drawing others out of position and generally creating such havoc that when they finally part with the ball the others have all the time and space they need.

Pelé, far more than Garrincha, does give the impression of welding, or trying to join up the various units in attack, though his contributions are generally limited to a "one-two" with Coutinho. It is repeated so it can hardly be coincidence, and it is successful despite being obvious, but it is hardly organised combined play as we understand it in Europe.

Looking closely at Brazil '63 we will be tempted to suggest that if the World Cup were staged this year, Brazil could not win it, yet to be fair, where in the world is there an outstanding national team on current form? The best I would say are Yugoslavia and Hungary, yet they are far from brilliant, and clearly everyone hopes to improve in the meantime. Brazil can do this as well as anyone — and perhaps better.

Their aim, clearly, is to win the World Cup for the third time, and thus make it their own property. They have drawn up a comprehensive blueprint in which this tour was merely the preliminary step, and will be followed by stages II and III. In 1964, Brazil will organise a closed shop tournament in Rio where they intend to invite all the teams likely to make a strong challenge in 1966. England, West Germany, Russia and Italy have already been asked, and it is probable that Hungary and Yugoslavia will be added. Certainly it would be advisable if they were.

Then in 1965 the plans enter the final phase when no less than four touring parties will be sent out from Rio aimed at: I, Europe (the probables); II, Central America (the possibles); III, the Far East (the outsiders); and IV (the last hopes). Each party will be twenty-two strong, plus the usual squad of attendants, and they will all embark on a thirty-day trip that will include ten matches. Three games a week is the World Cup formula, and the CBD sensibly lays that down as the basic preparation rule.

If Brazil are going to fail three years hence, it seems most likely that it will be due to failures in attack, but it would be folly for anyone to believe that they will return in 1966 with similar weaknesses. On the one hand there is every possibility that a settled Garrincha, and a fitter, more mature Pelé will be reinstated, yet even if they both fail and if the next two years' efforts don't produce the right men who would dare say that the Brazilians cannot find the right man even at the last moment?

In Sweden, five years ago, Garrincha went along as a reserve and was only brought in with Vava after the attack had failed against England. Pelé, too, an unknown boy of seventeen, talented but untried, was taken along (I suspect) only for the ride. He came in for the quarter final to steal all the glamour and even now, as many European experts are writing off Brazil, thousands of fourteen-fifteen-year-old coloured boys are juggling with little rubber balls, just as Pelé was doing while the tour of 1956 was going on. I wouldn't be at all surprised if one of them, nameless now, should not become an overnight star if Brazil are in trouble three years hence.

Pictured here is the Limerick team which lost to Cork Hibernians in the semi-final of the Irish F.A. Cup at Flower Lodge. Standing from left to right: Tuite, McNamara, Linnane, Prendergast, Fenton and Casey. Seated from left to right: O'Connor, Doyle, O'Brien, Finucane and Butler. (McCarthy 1.)

BACKWARD GLANCE AT THE STRIFE-TORN TERM

EIRE ROUND-UP by TOM MULDOWNEY

IN despair at Eire's trophy riddled, trouble torn soccer season that recently staggered to a halt. With the so welcome hiatus a period of momentous importance. Deciding as it will the future of clubs if not of the game.

There was plenty of activity during fixture crammed closing weeks. And more than enough copy accrued for this green corner of WORLD SOCCER. A rush of forgotten finals taxed the pockets of fans and energy of players. Plus numerous meetings of legislators beset with the problem of filling two vacancies from six applicants. Vacancies created when Transport and Sligo Rovers were dismissed as deadwood.

Look back with me then to the season's start. Under the cloud of reduced membership and a threat of players' strike. Clouds that never lifted. Despite efforts to woo support from a soccer sickened public. Happily the stoppage was averted. Though players, pleased with the so-called new deal, did little to justify it.

Usual pipe-openers, President Cup and Dublin City Cup, were side-lined in favour of the new Casey Cup competition. Played World Cup fashion it served only as a wind breaker for untrained players. Drumcondra were first winners; with an attack style in striking contrast to their defensive system of yesteryear. One that unhappily returned as the season progressed. They owed much to rampaging rascals Dixon, Rice and Morrissey. Rice scored freely until injury laid him low. Afterwards he and Drums were never quite the same.

Discarded

The team the Prole's built did carve a niche for themselves by ousting Odense in the Inter-City Fairs Cup. Eire's first match-winners in European combat. Munich ended their interest. A heartbreak result. All save the 'keeper played well. Yet a blessing in disguise. To plug the gap, Eamon Darcy, discarded by Shamrock Rovers, was signed. To prove hasty "hoops" wrong by winning Inter-League honours on St. Patrick's Day. Surely the come-back of the season.

Shelbourne's European début brought them cash and credit. Lose they did, but Sporting of Portugal earned the spoils the hard way at Dalymount. In contrast, big game hunters, Shamrock Rovers, dismayed and disappointed all, with a pathetic performance against Botev-Plovdiv in the European Cup-winners' Cup. Asparuchov awed watchers with a power display at centre-forward. The memory still lingers.

After European encounters it took time before locals returned to weekly fare. Not that they ever returned in numbers. Whatever about European form Rovers ran riot in the Shield. The rest were never in sight; a glimpse of the old "hoops" magic. Regretfully never repeated.

League time arrived amid the fog and gloom of November. The hardy annual "mid-winter break" reared its familiar head. Only to be deferred, like many other topics. However, old snowman enforced his own break. When over, Dublin and other cities were inundated with "ice-idle" visitors from across channel. Coincidental

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EIRE AMATEURS FAILED TOO

that the Rovers – Manchester United flare-up gave Noel Cantwell leadership. Later to emulate Carey by leading United to Cup conquest. Joy here for Eire's three. I wonder is Tommy Dunne the first Irishman to win Eire and English medals in that order?

Dundalk won the league after waiting thirty years. They waited one anxious week while rivals dropped points that would have deprived them of exalted status. Shelbourne after failing with a late league run took the Cup; and finished Eire's best in the Dublin–Belfast Inter-City Cup, won by Glentoran.

As expected the finish of catch-penny gimmick competitions evoked little interest or excitement. Praise the public for sound judgement in staying away. Rovers gained compensation for Cup defeat by shocking Shels in the President Cup. But Shels repeated their Cup success over Cork Hibernians in the City Cup final. Two tourneys postponed from the previous August. After two attempts Drumcondra won the Independent Cup from Cork Celtic. Another competition that no longer fools followers.

Eight of nine trophies were decided. Quicker to name losers than winners. The Munster Cup alone remains without a home. Unplayed; with the Munster Council in revolt. Resigned *en bloc* against the league taking the date and venue allocated for the Munster final. An appeal to the F.A. Council was of no avail. So out they went, and more power to their elbow; the matter is not yet resolved.

More recent is the failure of our Ewan Fenton led amateurs in the English Centenary International Tournament. Scotland's unpaid dealt harshly with them, and Switzerland and Italy added a few kicks. Depressing defeat is Eire's lot on all sides. While squabbles emanate from places where plans for the future should be laid.

Winner

Pressmen, rapped at the opening of the season, were threatened with expulsion at the close. . . . Almost: Sanity prevailed and the doors left open. The Soccer Writers' annual "Soccer Personality of the Season" award went to Bohemians' Billy Browne. No one could say he didn't deserve it. I thought Freddie Strahan, second for the second year, deserved it more.

A wonderful footballer and great sportsman is Browne. He made his mark at the time when the mercenary mind reigns supreme. An accountant, he refused many offers to turn professional. Holder of eight amateur caps, two against Holland, two against England, and four in the last Olympic Games. He has also played for the League of Ireland against Irish and Scottish League, and is a "B" International against South Africa.

The grounds are empty and terraces deserted. The watching waiting world of Eire soccer is anxious as the Annual General Meeting looms near. Sligo Rovers, Transport, Home Farm, Jacobs, Tycor, and Drogheda are the six clubs seeking senior status. Who goes in? . . . A story that must wait until we meet again in next month's issue of your favourite soccer magazine.

Find

One happy note to close on came through the victory of Eire over Scotland in Dublin. And one of the most satisfying performances of the side came from new cap Paddy Turner recently transferred from Morton to Glasgow Celtic and who was previously a discard of two Eire clubs!

The precious goal was scored by Noel Cantwell leading the attack again not so long after his successful captaincy of the Manchester United side at Wembley.

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ENGLISH CLUBS RAISED THE PRESTIGE LEVEL

WORLD OF SOCCER by LESLIE PAGE

MORE and more, the time between major sporting events is spent by the planners in attempting to come to terms with the problems they expect to face. This being the case, one is occasionally left to think the domestic affairs become something of a secondary consideration. This is not entirely so in the Western hemisphere where the United Kingdom, for example, maintains a complicated system of League and Cup competitions which, despite repeated cries for reorganisation, continues very much in the form built up over a half century.

Insularity is either a national characteristic or it is not. The British, on the whole, cling very much to tradition whether it is in sport or elsewhere and much that is peculiar to a nation rubs off in its sporting activities. Grandly the Jules Rimet Cup competition is known as the World Cup and to all intents and purposes it can hardly be considered under any other title. Just the same although over fifty nations entered for the last event, the World Cup does not yet embrace, by any means, all those countries and states where soccer provides such a bridge and a meeting place for the nations of the world.

The British having spread the game, no longer have a great control over it and much that is new and original fails to emerge from the Islands where soccer was born. In the organisational sense, Sir Stanley Rous, as President of F.I.F.A., travels widely in the interests of the game and the spreading of constitutional calm on the muddy waters of controversy could hardly be in better hands.

In the world of business, the U.K. is often accused of not being tough enough when tackling foreign markets and this is possibly part of a national characteristic in hoping to be noticed without consciously drawing attention to one's self. I don't know that a question of toughness arrives, in quite that sense, on the soccer field, but for the past few years the attitude of British soccer operators has always looked somewhat fragile in the face of confident ability from their opponents.

The weaknesses of English soccer have been blamed on overloaded domestic responsibilities, the lack of concentrated thought and planning and a retarded mental attitude brought about by too many failures over too many years. Plainly none of these things are vast hurdles in themselves although each in turn has been critically examined in the hope of discovering a solution and in an effort to restore national pride.

Intended

On the domestic issue, the English League is going through something of a shaking down period. The entire fixture structure was severely fractured in the early months of 1963 by an unprecedented spell of cold weather and this brought on a rash of theories intended, doubtless, to be helpful which only revealed once and for all the impracticability of amending a system built up slowly and painfully since before the start of the century. The League Management Committee publicised a plan which they intended to put before the Football League during the summer recess which involved the formation of five English divisions, greater latitude in promotion and relegation and would have brought eight more clubs into the League competition. By the end of May, after the leading clubs had churned it over for some months, the item failed to find a place on the Annual General Meeting Agenda.

This is not to say the plan has been heard of for the last time, neither does it mean other suggestions will not be forthcoming. It does, however, indicate the fragility of the English League and Cup systems in the minds of those whose counsels matter and those who, more than probably, maintain a controlling interest. A considerable faction contend that a sound domestic system is the only basis for building international sides whether the teams are representing club or country. There is no real answer to this kind of reasoning and you either believe there is too much soccer or that there is too little.

The breaks in British soccer seasons are gradually becoming shorter, this season the shortest ever and the public will be faced in 1966 with football through a good part of the summer months when the World Cup matches are played here. The prospects of touring matches by leading South American and European teams, during the close season, cannot be ruled out if the F.A. relax their ruling on this point and those who refer to the contradictory statements made at the time when an extension to last season was obviously necessary should also recall the panic and chaos which existed then. The F.A. were concerned with attempting to be fair and sensible, bearing in mind the close season tours, and also not to look as if they were allowing the fixtures to be extended well into June in conflict with other sporting activities that had not enjoyed the opportunity of expressing their views.

As it so happened some of the extended season matches caught the League tables in a most interesting state and capacity crowds rolled up anxious to watch the outcome of a number of vital issues. But in the Third and Fourth Divisions, especially, where nothing remained at stake, attendances slumped drastically and dramatically.

The strongly forged ties of the English domestic competitions are unlikely to be broken without a most tremendous fight and the

Celtic right-half John McNamee and Rangers' Jimmy Millar are involved in a tussle for the ball during the Scottish Cup Final at Hampden Park. The match ended in a 1-1 draw after extra time; Rangers won the replay to win the trophy for the second successive season. (Planet 1.)

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call for Super Leagues and integration with European clubs in some vast Continental extravaganza are like so many autumn leaves blowing aimlessly from the trees they once graced.

The effects of the new wage structure cannot yet be fully ascertained except to state the obvious, which is that the most successful clubs will always be in a position to offer the best terms and having got into a position of affluence should, reasonably speaking, remain there. The rub comes if the purchase of players fails to bring the victories a club anticipates and this is where soccer in particular, and sport in general, can no longer be analogised to events in other spheres.

Two clubs who dipped into their financial resources more than somewhat, marched off with the major English prizes. Everton's success as English League Champions means that a strong, battling side pass forward to the European Champions' Cup and at this stage it is almost impossible to say whether Everton have sufficient experience as a side to progress so far as Spurs during their campaigns. At the moment, Everton lack the calming presence of a Blanchflower, although Roy Vernon is capable of developing along these lines, even if the general concensus of opinion does not favour the general in the forward line.

Convince

The insularity of the British public was amply demonstrated by the fact that only 45,000 could bestir themselves to watch this year's Champions' Cup Final staged, for the first time, at Wembley. It is the greatest difficulty in the world to convince British fans that clubs outside the U.K. present fine displays of soccer even when they are not engaged against teams the fans know like the backs of their hands.

There is no good reason these days why football followers should not have a fairly lively appreciation of the soccer arts. This magazine and *Soccer Star* cover events and performers in a fine spirit of enthusiasm and in addition, and of recent date, newspaper coverage is increasing, if not always accurately, and television and radio give long periods to the game. I am not the only one who continues puzzled by the absence of the British at Wembley when Milan secured the European Cup for the first time. Although Milan played eight games on the way to the Final against Benfica's six, they had rather the easier passage. After a 13-0 aggregate against Union Luxembourg, Milan put paid to Ipswich Town's first attempt to gain a Continental rating and the three goals banked in Italy stood them in good stead at Portman Road where Ipswich played rather more confidently to win 2-1.

Ageless Eddie Lowe leads out the Fulham side in his last match for the London club. Lowe, a stalwart at Craven Cottage for many seasons, left to take over the managership of Notts County. (Keystone 1.)

Veterans

Milan sailed through the Turkish side, Galatasaray, to the tune of 8-1 on aggregate to find themselves facing Dundee in the semi-final. By the time this had come around, Dundee were actually getting a mention in the newspapers of Southern England and a lot of people were saying it was a pity Dundee had not received more publicity before. For all of this, on the stroke of entering the final, Dundee staggered to a 5-1 defeat in Italy and the one goal win at Dens Park could not prevent them from slipping out of the contest. At least manager Bob Shankly had the satisfaction of knowing that the 1961-62 Scottish League Champions gave more than an average account of themselves and introduced a number of very worthy players to the European cauldron, notably, of course, Ian Ure.

Benfica, after dismissing the Swedes, Norrkoping, 6-2 on aggregate, saw Dukla Prague off in the quarter-finals and Feyenoord in the semi-finals and, as the holders, came to Wembley as "paper" favourites. Both Milan and Benfica are veterans of the European Champions' Cup and it will be quite a day when a British club is able to set its record alongside the Italian and Portuguese clubs. Nothing really rivals Real Madrid at the moment but before this year's final Benfica had played twenty-four European Cup games and won fourteen of them, four games were lost and they had amassed a total of sixty goals against twenty-eight. Milan had been engaged in twenty-eight matches, won sixteen and lost on nine occasions, scoring eighty-three goals in the process and conceding forty-four.

Milan's 2-1 victory over Benfica came in a game of sophisticated soccer and the triumph for their rugged manager Nereo Rocco, once, according to Jimmy Greaves, the scourge of his life during his short stay with the Italian club, was not easy to dispute on the evidence of the second half. Often teams enter the big arenas of the world with great reputations and slink away from them painfully aware that the advance publicity has vastly overstated their case. This could not be said of either Milan or Benfica, but Milan in particular.

British representation in the European competitions next season will be thoroughly sound and provide a very good series of matches, something the League planners have to think about if any new schemes are in the air. Spurs and Manchester in the Cup Winners' Cup and Everton, together with Rangers, in the Champions' Cup. These games will mean a great deal to the teams involved although, once again, it will require a tremendous effort on all their parts.

For British clubs to win through to the Finals, the strain is enormous and one can only see clubs with reserves of cash and men able to stand up to the pressures which are brought to bear.

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● *Continued from page 3*

were the only ones to have chalked up double figure appearances. The rest of the team, goalkeeper Konrad Kornek, full-back Wlodzimierz Spiewak, wing-halves Piotr Suski and Bernard Blaut; and forwards, Jozef Galeczka, Jerzy Musialek and Zygfryd Szoltysik, are relative newcomers to International football with the match itself the International début for the last-named. He, like Musialek and Suski, is twenty-one this year, and one of the several Gornik Zabrze players in, or on the fringe of, the Polish national side. The goalkeeper rival to Kornek, Hubert Kostka; Oslizlo and Musialek are the others.

English soccer received a much needed tonic by the success of the English team durbg their close season tour. Their first victory was against Czechoslovakia and our picture shows Kadraba heading his side's second goal seconds after Charlton had given England a 3-1 lead. (Keystone 1.)

National

Roger Macdonald has been writing about the many instances of players from a single club forming the nucleus of national sides and, having mentioned these four from Gornik in Poland's listed "top sixteen" for the Norway match, it might be interesting to some readers if I finished the breakdown. Ruch Chorzow also contribute four players — wing-half, Anton Nieroba, and the forwards, Faber, Kazimierz Polok and Roman Kasprzyk. Faber was the only one who played against Norway but, unless it was felt more important to retain the same eleven, some of the others may have been given their chance against Rumania since that fixture was being fulfilled in Chorzow.

Zaglebie, this past season's Polish entry in the European Cup-winners' Cup, had three players in the touring party — Spiewak and Galeczka, who both played, and the reserve centre or full-back, Roman Bazan, who is still "uncapped". Legia Warsaw and Odra Opole each had a couple of players — Blaut and Brychczy, and Kornek and Szcepanski respectively; and the "last man" was the young wing-half, Suski, the lone representative of Lodzki KS.

Different

Norway's eleven on the other hand were more spread over their clubs. Three clubs, Viking, Brann and Fredrikstad, had a couple of players in the team — goalkeeper Sverre Andersen and inside-left Olav Nilsen (both Viking), right-half Roar Johansen and inside-right Arne Pedersen (both Fredrikstad), and left-half Trygve Andersen and outside-right Roald Jensen (both Brann). The rest of the team came from five different clubs—Tore Borrehaug, right-back, from Frigg (the only new "cap" in Norway's team); Edgar Stakseth, left-back, from Steinkjer; centre-half, Finn Thorsen (Skeid); outside-left, Erik Johansen (Gjovik/Lyn) and centre-forward John Krogh (Rosenborg).

Krogh was actually injured during the match and Oddvar Richardsen came on as his substitute — and Richardsen comes from yet another club, Lillestrom! Before his departure Krogh had scored for Norway but the difference between the two countries was less the difference between Krogh and Richardsen (a winger and not a centre-forward) as the fact that, on the day, Brychczy (three times) and Faber (twice) took their chances better than did the Norwegians. Arne Pedersen got the home country's second goal. (Against Scotland, not to anticipate next month's post-mortem in much detail, it was apparently the reverse story with Norway taking whatever chance came their way, and the Scots wasting many chances.)

Before leaving the Scandinavian countries for a final quick look over the rest of the month's matches, Hungary's two matches against Scandinavian countries provide some vague sort of a link. Certainly that the Hungarians lost to Sweden in Stockholm whilst very easily indeed winning in Budapest against Denmark, is no more than almost unnecessary confirmation of the wide gap between Sweden and Denmark. The Swedes and the Hungarians are two of the countries with dual national teams very much

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occupying their attention at the moment. Both, in other words, have their sights fixed on both the 1964 Olympics and the 1966 World Cup.

There was a time when the Olympics were but a stage in the development of a national *team* on the eve of the start of the qualifying period for the World Cup and, ultimately, for the World Cup itself. That is no longer the case now that players with World Cup appearance are considered to be less amateur than those without it and are ineligible for play in Olympic matches. Thus, unless a country intends to displace all players from their national team who have appeared in the World Cup, the Olympics are no more the training ground for a team—although they can still provide useful experience for individual players. Generally speaking therefore we can accept that Olympic teams are rarely likely to be more than "B" teams of the various countries who cannot be clearly divided—as can England, Scotland, Italy, France and so on—between amateur and professional. This does not mean, however, as some people seem to believe that these countries intend preparing two water-tight pools. Pools there may be, but there will be a fairly steady trickle from the "B" Pool to the "A" as players progress, or as injuries demand.

Equalised

Thus Sweden named her two teams for matches against Hungary some three weeks before the dates — May 4 in Budapest between the "Olympic" elevens, and May 5 in Stockholm between the "Profs". The latter included tried World Cup campaigners as Orvar Bergmark and Agne Simonsson, professionals with other European countries as Hamrin and Mild. The "B" team included Sweden's young "hopes" like the two Karlssons, Janne and Kenneth, at full-back, and Leif Skiold at inside-right. In fact, Simonsson, so stifled in his development since he has been vegating with Real Madrid unable, like the rare Didi, to fit into their drilled pattern, was unable to play and, with Hamrin also a non-starter, the ex-French professional, Yngve Brodd, lead the attack and young Orjan Persson was promoted from the "B" team.

Brodd's inclusion worked out well for the Swedes since he scored their winning goal after Florian Albert had equalised for Hungary an early goal scored by Haase Mild. Hungary show just about the least disposition of any country to experiment. Except that Monostori substituted for Tichy at inside-left during the course of the match against Sweden, the line-up was the same as against Wales at Cardiff a couple of months before—and that means, except for the retirement of Grosics, their 1962 World Cup team. Nor did the defeat at Stockholm occasion drastic changes. Monostori was selected at inside-left instead of Tichy, and Ilku replaced Szentmihaly in goal, otherwise, Matrii, Meszoly and Sarosi, Sipos and Solymosi, Sandor and Fenyvesi, and the Gorocs-Albert "tandem" were on duty as before. And when a substitute was required it was again a tried, if young, player, Rakosi, who trotted on to the field. Rakosi obliged by scoring a goal—Gorocs, Fenyvesi, Monostori, Albert and Solymosi got the others in Hungary's six goal win: the Danish observers present are inclined to thank Hungary's benevolence and goalkeeper Erik Gaardhoje's brilliance that the score was not at least twice as much!

Whilst Hungary — and the Czechs for their match against England after perhaps too many changes against Austria and Bulgaria—are staying put at the moment, the Brazilians have really rung the changes during their tour of Europe. This tour, as I suggested last month, needs (and I hope we will be able to afford space for this!) to be leisurely digested in some detail. Superficially one may suggest at this stage that, once after the matches against Portugal and Belgium, Mauro was dropped, Djalma Santos injured and some faith lost in Altair, the main intent was on the defensive "four" of Lima (aged twenty-one), Eduardo (twenty), Dias (twenty) and Rildo (twenty-one).

The absence of Pele from several matches—and his near-obliteration by players like Willi Schulz, rather crudely, and Trapattoni, excellently, in other matches, left however the Brazilian attack often too weak to sustain their opponents sufficiently to give their young defenders the respite they would have liked. Of their opponents Italy were much the most formidable and well deserved their three-nil victory. Of this match an Italian player is reported to have said that when Pele went off the field, the attitude of the rest of the Brazilian team was "It is finished"! But perhaps the maiden goal scored three minutes from the end of their last match against Israel by eighteen-year-old Ney—after he had appeared in a part of five of the matches — is a more definite pointer to Brazil's future?

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